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VOL. XVIII.-NO. 13.

BOSTON, SATURDAY MORNING, MARCH 29, 1890.

# TWO MEN'S BRIDE;

The Millions of Mobell.

Written for The Boston Globe By DION BOUCICAULT.

a millionnaire. Delce hint at a scheme to become possesses of Mobell's millions.

Delce, who is a physician's assistant, explains that Mobell is affected with an incurable disease and cannot live over two years longer, and suggests that he introduce Hester, who is a beautiful young woman, to the bachelor millionnaire, as his widowed sisterin-law, with a view to her marrying him. Hester, through her blind infatuation for Delce is willing, and the couple are introduced, and Mobell falls in love with Hester, and asks consent of Albert to propose marriage to her on the evening following one passed by the three at a theatre.

CHAPTER III.—CONTINUED.

"You're misunderstanding me," Mr. Mobell returned confusedly, yet without any lapse of diginity: "your misapprehnsion of my motive is hardly exensable, yet I must expect a brother's solicitude for a sister who has no other protector. I will be frank. I am an isolated man, without family, within intimates, with a suspicion of everybody who would approach me closely. How can a millionnaire, thus circumstanced, feel otherwise? Hester is the first person who has disarmed this mistrust since I became rich and a widower. I believe she is absolutely honest. My admiration of Hester is equalled only by my respect—by my—esteem."

Albert perceived that the last word in the declaration might as well have been "love," and he was not devoid of a husband's resentment; but above that natural pang of jealousy arose the ache to possess this man's million. What was conjugal sentiment that it should hinder a scheme to get vast wealth? There was a struggle even in his despicable heart; a quick debate whether he should not change his plan to that of the more was struggle even in his despicable heart; a quick debate whether he should not change his plan to that of the more was a register of the more was struggle even in his despicable heart; a quick debate whether he should not change his plan to that of the more was a register of the more was a register. The more was a register of the more w

take it, and it responded faintly to his grasp as he said: "And a great delight to me. Hester. I assure you." He did not let go her hand, and she knew that the Delces

and won the price.
"If you will bermit me. I will call on you tomorrow evening. Albert has given me tomorrow to say something to you. Will

permission to sty over the style of the styl

CHAPTER IV.

A WIFE BETROTHED AGAIN. The formality of asking Hester to become his wife was a serious and also a delicious experience for Mr. Mobell. Feeling that it was the most important moment of his life, in fact, the very beginning of a better life than he had ever known before, he was which expressed itself in the lines of his He was indeed the picture of an lover when he stepped from his "Are you glad that you gave me your conunusual lover when he stepped from his carriage at the Delces' door that next sent, Hester?" he said softly.
evening. His age, his dignified bear"Oh, yes," she said, catching her breath ing, his air of almost paternal benevolence. hardly betrayed the heart that was so agitated within him. As he sat waiting for the return of the colored in the boarding house parlor he glanced about at the cleap furnishings and orna-ments of the gloomy room and thought now unworthy it all was to form the surroundings of su hagirlas Hester. of the house was close and disagreeable. What a different home he should provide for her! How well she would become the luxury in which he should place her! inxury in which he should place her!
She came softly into the room while he
was thinking of these things—stole in and
confronted him with the fairest display of
shyness imaginable raising her eyes to his,
and then swiftly averting them as he retained the hand she had held out to him.
He led her to a sofa and drew her down beide him.

He led her to a sofa and drew her down beside him.

"Are we guite alone?" he asked.

"Oh. yes." she said, and drew in her breath quickly, as though the situation half frightened her.

"Hester." said Mr. Mobell after a moment, fonding the pretty hand which he had not relinquished for an instant. "I think you must understand why I requested this interview. There is no necessity of my conjusing my purpose of confing here tonight by making frelevant explanations. I have not known you very long, but it has been long enough for me to learn that you are necessary to my happiness. I love you. I shall hever be able to outlive that love, and I ask you to be my wife. What is your answer?"

A heavy, painful silence followed these

Albert and Hester Delce, man and wife, see in an Italian restaurant William Mobell, a millionnaire. Delce hints at a scheme to become possessed of Mobell's millions.

Delce, who is a physician's assistant, exception with the Mobell is affected with an intermediate the Mobell is affected.

CHAPTER V.

AN AFTERNOON AT A RACECOURSE.

A little before noon time the nextday Mr. Mobell was at the door in his carriage to carry the Delces to the ferry, whence they were to start for Cedarhurst. It was a day of wonderful brightness and purity, and when Hester stepped out into the yellow suninght she gave a little exclamation of joy at the very beauty of the clean lustre of her youthful face, the graceful curve of her red lips, the barkle of her soft eyes, and through him as he thought that he had become possessed of so much true loveliness. As the three walked from the door to the carriage Delce took occasion to say to Mr. Mobell:

"Perhaps it is needless for me to tell you that I am greatly pleased at the outcome of your friendship with my sister, for, while her marriage will be a loss to me, yet I am repaid in the consciousness that she has gained a husband who is worthy of her."

Mr. Mobell thanked Delce warmly for these words, and soon they were rolling as way in the carriage, the two men facing these words, and soon they were rolling as way in the carriage, the two men facing these words, and soon they were rolling as happy as a school girl off on a considered the great of Albert Delce, and he chewed his cigar it must be subrolessed in the number of Albert Delce, and he chewed his cigar it must be number of the marting that was in volved in his sazecity and diplomacy, he grew bland and sweet, and took occasion to make some theorethy belover.

Suddenly a bright thought struck Mr. Delce The bell was ringing for the second race, and a beautiful field of horses had answered it by swerving up into line opposite the starter's box. Mr. Mobell had previously to make one of his inspired propositions to his wife.

"Look here, Hesty," he said hurriedly, "I need some ready money now, just as lailway do, and isse a way to hit the old man in an entirely legitimate way. The filly Hildegarde is running in this race, and of course she is a winner. When Mobell make the object in the consecuence of the substantial propo

Hester, who sat back among the cushions, looking as happy as a school girl off on a lark. She glanced from her pseudo-brother to Mr. Mobell, and laughed a great deal, because the noise of the wheels on the pavement scarcely permitted of talking. Her lover watched every movement she made, even to the winking of her eyes.

filled with a species of ecstatic solemnity, exercise himself. Thus Hester was left face and added a justre to his fine, thought- stood looking from the car window, with

man leaned forward till he breathed the fragrance of that perfect neck, and then he pressed his lips fairly against it. Rester started forward, but recovered herself and laughed as Delce appeared with the captured conductor at his heels.

A moment later she permitted Mr. Mobell to take her hand secretly while her husband was reading his paper. She felt that she must submit to certain outbreaks of the ardor her lover was entitled to feel, and when he lifted the palm of her hand to his lips she only cast her eyes down and showed no resistance. Her conduct was the perfection of modest affection. She never made an advancement herself, and when Mr. Mobell could not refrain from be traying bis love, she accepted his demonstration with a charming expression of surprise, fear and yet with submission.

After a ride filled with cestacies for Mr. Mobell, dreads for Hester, and incessant cigars for Delce, the station of Far Rockaway was reached, and the party took an expression of the party took and the party took an

open carriage to the race track, which lay a short distance away. As they bassed into the gate along with a thick crowd of gayly dr. saed people, two young men who were talking in loud tones together, brushed against Hester, and one of them turned and stared insolently into her face. She shrank back and grasped Mr. Mobell's hand with both of her own.

back and grasped Mr. Mobell's hand with both of her own.

At that moment her lover felt more lik her protector than he ever had before. He could have killed the fellow who had offered her the careless insult, and he would have indeed addressed them had not Hester held him back with her warm hands. But she said nothing. Her realization of the brutality of these men took only the form of a childish fear. She laughed nervously, and smiled with inexpressible confidence up at Mr. A obell when he turned in some surprise at the way in which she had detained him from avenging her.

Mr. Mobell wore a member's badge, which admitted him and his friends to the canopied piazza of the club house, which was situated just opposite the judges' stand, and thither he led the Delees through the scattered and chattering crowd, searching most solicitously for the breeziest and shadiest spot whereat to place a chair for Hester. As they were getting seated a gong bouned from over the way, and hester clapped her hands gleefully together as she looked down and saw a group of horses, mounted by their bright-jacketed inckeys.

bouned from over the way, and Hester clapped her hands gleefully together as she looked down and saw a group of horses, mounted by their bright-lacketed jockeys, cavorting up toward a man who stood in a box at one side of the track with a small red flag in his hand.

'Oh, I love horses so," she exclaimed, looking back into her lover's face, as he sat directly behind her.

"You shall have as many as you can use," replied Mr. Mobell.

She threw a bright glance into his fond eyes, and then looked down at the racing card that she held.

"Those are the names of the horses." said Mr. Mobell, pointing at the list on the card. "Those are the lockeys, and there you see the colors that they wear."

"Oh, yes," said Hester, as though she had been wondering all about the meaning of her card. Then leaning forward she whispered into her husband's ear:

"Solitaire is running Al. Go try and put ten him. He beat a field of twenty at Saratoga last year, and I pick him for a winner."

Delce looked contemptuously at his wife.

because the noise of the wheels on the pavement scarcely permitted of talking. Her lover watched every movement she made, even to the winking of her eyes, simply enthralled by her childish expressions and the genuine delicacy of her beauty.

They crossed the East river, which flowed as smoothly as molten lead under the cloudless sky, and upon reaching the Brooklyn shore took the train for Far Rocksaway. Mr. Mobell secured a compertment in the drawing-room car. The windows wave closed when they entered, and Delee started to find the conductor to have them comed, he being far too lazy to attempt the slone for a moment with Mr. Mobell. She stood looking from the car window, with him just behind her.

"Are you glad that you gave me your consent, Hester?" he said softly.

"Oh, yes," she said, catching her breath in her charming little surprised way.

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"Oh, yes," she said catching her breath in her charming little surprise

to the utmost her excited tilt with Delce. Under most circumstances he would not have liked to bet money on a horse race, but her interest was so guileless, and it would evidently be such an evelty to her to actually have money at stake that the millionnaire could not refrain from getting her even more transported than she was now, so he touched Delce on the shoulder. "Consider that Hester takes your bet of fifty dollars. Albert."

"I am betting on Hildegarde," said Delce, laughing aloud.
"Exactly" replied Mr. Mobell, smiling back at him.

beats. Every one was standing, and an immense roar swept along the whole length of the throng.

"It's Hildegarde, it's Hildegarde! Come on, Sultan! My money's on Sultan, and he wins! Hildegarde! Hildegarde!"

The air was spintered with these shouts, the faces of the women were white with excitement, the men waved their hats and sticks. And in came the horses.

It was neck and neck between Hildegarde and the little black. Hester was agitated by a con ict of emotions. Would Delce lose after all, and she win without wanting to?

Now came the last dozen leaps.

Now came the last dozen leaps. The lockeys were grinding their spurs into the two panting racers and smashing their whips down over their anks. For one instant the crowd was silent. And then the bay fill lifted herself with two bounds so that her nose lapped over the black's. One mere bound and she left the wire behind, with less than a half head to made her a winner.

In the pandemonium that followed, Hester jumped from her chair and buried her face in her hands. Mr. Mobell laughed heartily at her mortification, at the same time taking a roll of bills from his pocket.

"My dear little child," he said, drawing her hands away from her face. "you must show yourself a good loser now. I would have seen to it that Albert made good his wager at once had he lost, and now I am going to make you settle up on the spot."

With this he pushed the money into Hester's hand.
"Oh no," she said, shrinkingly, and

that iosate winte and salicious." And sie to the touched the big claw of one with the tip claw of one with the tip claw of one with the tip claw of the salicious. The winter of the salicious and the salicious a looking as Mr. Mobell. He knew the teminnen nature pretty well, and he doubted if Hester's vanity would not inspire a reciprocal feeling under the induence of this man's whole-hearted devotion. As the waiter was opening the champagne all such reveries faded out of Delce's mind.

"I want." said Hester, addressing her lover and enumerating the different ingredients with her pretty fingers, "I want oil, vinegar, mustard, red pepper, black pepper, salt, and—er—er—and oh, dear me, I want a chafing dish," and here she looked up in dismay at the waiter, who was standing at her side.

Mobell. "and never could stand anything of this sort." the egg, the indispensable egg, the said, looking very solemnly nat bobbing individual, "have you an his building." have thousand of eggs, the edge of the had noticed his strange actions. But the gazed tartively into Mr. Mobell's face to see if he had noticed his strange actions. But the gazed tartively into Mr. Mobell's face to see if he had noticed his strange actions. But the gazed tartively into Mr. Mobell's face to see if he had noticed his excitement entirely to his solicitude upon finding his sister so pale and nervous.

The races were over for the day, and after for his child was a marvel to him, had been growing somewhat cynical hard of late years, but it only required such refreshing ways as Hester's to e him trust again in the beauty, the latt here was an example which e up for all the rest. Even a hotel er, a passionless enough automaton as e. caught the breeze of her nature, and enly er could stand anything of this sort."

Mobell. "and never could stand anything of this sort."

He had just curbed his rage in time, and he gazed fartively into Mr. Mobell's face to see if he had noticed his excitement entirely to his solicitude upon finding his sister so pale and nervous.

The races were over for the day, and after the train back to New York. As Mr. Mobell was getting the tickets belieg growled at his wife:

"You needn't be so blamed willing to let him kiss you. I didn't bargain for all that sort of nonsense. Now you've got to get some more money out of him before he leaves us tonight. I lost that 50 on one race."

And when Mr. Mobell got Hester aboard the train he found her a very meek and unhappy girl. But this made him all the more tender of her, and before they reached the erg arrived and was added to that re-

the cerity and the innocence of the human ite. At least here was an example which de up for all the rest. Even a hotel there, a passionless enough automaton as ule caught the breeze of her nature, and senlivened by it. The egg arrived and was added to that rerkable concoction and beaten in with rest, until the whole thing was as bright melted gold. Hester poured this upon lobster, and then had the waiter light lamp under the chafing dish. Presently golden dressing began to outbole and ke merrily enough, and Hester sat back her chair with flushed cheeks, and the struch over her forehead damp from exon. She had worked with the diligence charming little housewife, and Mr. Mocould not help thinking how many lines, ornamental and useful, this defituligit embodied.

The money out of him before he eaves us tonight. I lost that 50 on one race."

And when Mr. Mobell got Hester aboard the train he found her a very meek and unhappy girl. But this made him all the more tender of her, and before they reached the only he had won several little smiles to her pale, beautiful face.

CHAPTER VII.

THE CONSPIRACY'S DEVIOUS WAYS.

A New York newspaper contained the following item: "Amongst the passengers on the Alaska were Mr. and Mrs. William Mobell. The happy and distinguished could not help thinking how many lines, ornamental and useful, this defituligit embodied.

Inless you object strongly to the use of early and lost the properties of him before her acce."

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THE CONSPIRACY'S DEVIOUS WAYS.

A New York newspaper

me?"
"No." he said, taking her hand in both of his ewn. "If an army came to take you away I would kill us both to keep them from depriving me of you."

At these consents a rear went up from the At that moment a roar went up from the crowd outside.

and most lovable creature that I ever met, and that if I should lose you now my life is ended—it will be a blank till the day of my death.

His intense words thrilled and at the same time frightened Hester. She had not dreaming of inspiring such love as this, and could not she he exulting to herself over the great howor that such worship signified, even will she was full of regrets and forebodings.

The waiter returned with the chafing dish at that moment, and prevented further talk of this nature between the two. Hester is the necessity of regaining hersprightliness, which had forsaken her somewhat during she had about the chafing dish, and began digging the lobsters out of their shells. The waiterrushed to her assistance, but she waved him aside, and, with the utak her was moved to his, and it looked even more beautiful in its sympathy and grief than it had in smiles. Her lover gazed down into her eyes, and held her soft form tightly to him. He could feel her heat beating and wine she breathed her breast fluttered like a bird. There was no one to see him, and is miles. Her lover gazed down into her eyes, and held her soft form tightly to him. He could feel her heat beating and wine she breathed her breast fluttered like a bird. There was no one to see him, and so he beat his head and put his libs on hers. She did not move and he remained standings with her this way for nearly a minute. Then he heard some one cough behind him. He looked around and discovered Delce in the doorway. Hester opened her eyes, and the her heat beating and a heart will be a bird. There was no one to see him, and is with a half-suppressed cry. Then he heard some one cough behind him. He looked around and discovered Delce in the doorway. Hester opened her eyes, and seeing her heat beating and in the meat, and trevented further talk a bird. There was no one to see him, and in white he heard and put his lives on hers. She did not move and he remained standings with her this way for nearly a minute. Then he heard some one cough behind him.

The first control of the control of lowing item: "Amongst the passengers on the Alaska were Mr. and Mrs. William "I will show the farmers," said Gov. Rusk. could not help thinking how many alities, organized and useful, this destituling grid embodied.

Unless you object strongly to the use of loss "said Hester, seriously enough, and with a touch of mischievousness." assure you that a glass of sherry red over this lobster while it is cooking a dad greatly to its merits."

er prim words amused Mr. Mobell in He told her to pour all the wine, as many kinds as she chose into the line that will be bring their honey moon in Europe, where a continental trip of 16 months has tended to improve the toy engine. I want you to know that I am a great mogul with eight-drivers, and if you had gone in?"

I must have looked a little surprised, for the massaid: "Well, Mr. Telier, you wish a great mogul with eight-drivers, and if you had gone in?"

If don't know," replied I, "Providence rake their own way. I have two buck, and we'll see who holds the track."

Jerry was a Fighter.

Gov. Rusk will fight for it too, and his record shows that he is not a blusterer. He belce, as he breathlessly ran his eye over the was a brave officer during the war, and one was a brave of the brave was a brave o Mobell. The happy and distinguished "who their friends are, and I would like to couple have been spending their honey- have you understand that you can't treat

WARREN SAVED THEM. President Baldwin's Tribute to the

measure and continued to the personness of the second and the seco

AS FUNNY AS ABE WAS.

Stories That Secretary Rusk Can Tell.

Jerry and Garfield.

Senator Manderson in Stocking-Feet-How Teller Lost \$900,000.

WASHINGTON, March 22.



of the stock stories about him is the remark She will, of course, be sole guardian of their child—Mobell cannot last much lenger; in her last letters to me she describes symptoms that mean that death is sealed at his side; and then"—his eyes wandered out of the window in Delmonico's, at which he was seated at breakfast—his breath came slowly, almost in sighs, as he whispered, "then—I will marry her—once more."

As he left the restaurant a plain but well-mounted coupe drove up to meet him, for Dr. Delce had recently been appointed surgeon-in-chief to the Magdalen Asylum, while he still retained the more humble office as assistant to Dr. Mackenzie. The salary attached to the Magdalen Asylum was small, but the position gave him the call as a lady's doctor, owing to the past experience afforced by the number of births at which he assisted professionally in that hospital.

"You don't. Well, I should like to know a man can ride so far into hell without taking. Do you eat?"

"Certainly'l do," said Col. Rusk. "and I have not had a bite since morning." The two men then ate together, and their friendship continued until Mower's death.

"Just as we are going to press," announced the New Boston C arion in its first issue, "we learn that Ben Fargo's claim has been the number for you because you are the only man in this army or any other army that I ever saw who coald ride further army that I ever saw who coald ride further army that I ever saw who coald ride further army that I ever saw who coald ride further army that I ever saw who coald ride further army that I ever saw who coald ride further army that I ever saw who coald ride further army that I ever saw who coald ride further army that I ever saw who coald ride further army that I ever saw who coald ride further army that I ever saw who coald ride further army that I ever saw who coald ride further army that I ever saw who coald ride further army that I ever saw who coald ride further army that I ever saw who coald ride further army that I ever saw who coald ride further army that I ever saw who coald ride furth "i thank you." said Col. Rusk, "but I can't the flum the text as I never drink."

You don't. Well, I should like to know how a man can ride so far into hell without taking. Do you eat?"

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said:

"See here, Gov. Rusk, you don't know me. I want you to understand that I come from the West, and I'm a regular Jim Dandy of a feller."

"Yes, I suppose you are," said Uncle Jerry as he arose to his feet in order to tell his scory better. "You make me think of the sermon of the minister who was discoursing on the wonders of the Lord's creation, and said that he made the large as well as the small things of the universe. Said the preacher: When God made the mighty ecean He made a little rivulet; when He made the snow-capped mountain He made a hillock; when He made the flea, and when He made me'—here the secretary drew himself up to his full height and stretched out his arms—'he made a daisy,' And I suppose you think you are the daisy."

Like One of Lincoln's Stories.

Like One of Lincoln's Stories. Now and then the congressmen get rather impatient about the non-appointment of their applicants for office, and one came to the Agricultural Department a came to the Agricultural Department a few days as mad as a hornet.
Said he: "I have bad this woman's application before you for six weeks, and I think it ought to be good enough to give the girl a place. I have put my own name on it, and that ought to get her in it nothing also."

else."
"Well," said Gen. Rusk, as he looked the "Well," said Gen, Rusk, as he looked the angry man in the eye, "I will take care of that young lady's influence. I am going to fix that applicant like the old lady fixed the accounts of her husband. They kept a country grocery, and the old man chalked up his bills in charcoal on the white wall over the mantel-rice. One day the old lady got a cleaning fit, and she white-washed the grocery, putting extra brushes over the black marks above the mantel. When her husband came home he was horrified, and said:

"Why, Mary, you have wiped out all my accounts, but I'll fix them," said he; "I'll fix 'em," and with that he went out and jotted down a number of names on the back cellar door. "Now, Mary," said he, "I've put my accounts on the cellar door, and I don't want 'em changed."

The old woman went out and looked, then hurried back and said: "Why, George, I know that the names you have down there are not the same that you had over the mantel."

"That makes no difference" said George.

mantel."

That makes no difference," said George.

"I know them names are a blanked sight better pay than the ones which you white-washed out, and," concluded Secretary Rusk, "it is so with your application. I'll Once a Tramp-Now a Senator. Senator Manderson, when a plain Ohio

youth, came to Washington one day and got a seat in the Senate gallery.

He had been tramping around in the wet and his stockings were saturated. His boots were tight and his feet feit very sore, and as the night session wore on he took them off and sat in his stocking feet.

The air of the Senate was very warm, and the tight boots shrunk. At the adjournment he found to his horror that he could not get his boots on, and he had to walk down to his hotel on Pennsylvania avenue in his stocking feet carrying his boots.

How Senator Teller Lest \$200,000.

True Version of the "Rassle" Between How Senator Teller Lost \$900,000. Senator Teller told me last night how he

lost \$000,000. The story made my eyes bulge out, but the senator related it in the same cool, metallic tones in which he talks about the weather.
Said he: "It was some years ago, in Lead-

Said he: "It was some years ago, in Leadwille, that I met one day upon the street a friend of mine, who asked me to go in with him and his partner and buy the Robert E. Lee mine, The mine had been in the courts, the thing and his partner and buy the Robert E. Lee mine, The mine had been in the courts, the trought of its title had been settled, and it was only necessary to have \$90,000 to pay off its indebtedness. I asked how much it would take for me to come in. He robled that it would take \$45,000 and this would give me a one-third interest. "But." said I, raising my hands in holy horror. "I haven't got the money, and would hate to risk it if I had." "Oh." said he. "you run no risk. We have 90 days in which to pay this \$90,000, and we will bay your \$45,000 out of the mine in that time. You need bot put up a cent and we will pay your \$45,000 out of the mine, and in case the mine doesn't pan out at once, will pay your \$45,000 out of the mine, and in case the mine doesn't pan out at once, and we will pay your \$45,000 out of the mine, and in case the mine day upon the street a friend of mine, who asked me to go in with the work it me to me day upon the street a friend of mine. Who asked me to go in Leadwille, that I met one day upon the street a friend of mine, who asked me to go in the street a friend of mine. Who asked me to go in the street a friend of mine. Who asked me to go in the firend of mine, who asked me to go in the street a friend of mine. Who asked me to go in the street a friend of mine. Who asked me to go in the street a friend of mine. Who asked me to go in the street a friend of mine. Who asked me to go in the street a friend of mine. Who asked me to go in the street a friend of mine who asked me to go in the street a friend of mine. Who asked me to go in the street a friend of mine who asked me to go in the street a friend of mine and the will but the question of its title had been in the courts. Lee mine, the will but the question of its title had been in the courts. The street a friend of mi

upon these, said to Uncie Jerry: "Well, Jerry, you have a mighty nice place here, if you are the tail of the cabinet."

Gov. Rusk quickly replied: "Well, Cannon, I would like to know what a tail is for, if it is not to know what a tail is for, if it is not to know what a tail is for, if it is not to look beautiful and keep the flies off."

Within the past few months Gov. Rusk thas concluded to be content with being a tail no longer, or if he must be the tail he has decided that he will do what he can to aid in wagging the administration dog. He served notice of his intention upon Funston, the head of the House committee on agriculture, the other day.

"I will show the farmers." said Gov. Rusk. "Well," said he again, "we got your strow much of a mistake I did make. Suppose you tell me."

"Yes, I know it," said I. "and I wonder us the will do what he can to aid in wagging the administration dog. He served notice of his intention upon Funston, the head of the House committee on agriculture, the other day.

"I will show the farmers." said Gov. Rusk. "who their friends are, and I would like to have you understand that you can't treat me as though I were a little whiffing, puffing the content of the mine doesn't will put up the money for you."

I said I would consider the matter, but I did not think I wanted it. For the next two days that man hung around me and begred me to take a third interest in the mine. He told me he could say! that man hung around me and begred me to take a third interest in the would rather take me in for nothing. I held out, and at the end of two days that man hung around me and begred me to take a third interest in the would rather take me in for nothing. I held out, and at the end of two days that man hung around me and begred me to take a third interest in the windsov and the would rather take me in for nothing. I held out, and at the end of two days that man hung around me and begred me to take a third interest in the would rather take me in for nothing. I held out, and at the end of two

#### BEN FARGO'S CLAIM.

"Who's umped it this time?" asked Col. Pride, as Cy Hickson retailed the news to the orbit had a bite since morning." The two men then ate together, and their friendship continued until Mower's death.

Rusk Was a "Rassler."

As I looked at Secretary Rusk in the Ebbitt House the other night the incident of his wrestling match with James A. Garfield came to me, and I resolved to settle the question which I have never seen settled in the newspapers which of the two was the victor.

The general told me that the match took place at Newark, O. He was then 13 years old and was driving a stage, while Garfield was a boy leading a mule on the canal.

"Who's umped it this time?" asked Col. Pride, as Cy Hickson retailed the news to the citizens lounging on the porch of the Eureka General Store.

"Didn'ts op to find out. Smoke was comin' out o' the shack, an' a scanlous-lookin' mules was standin' by."

"Waal," predicted Col. Pride, "about five minutes after Ben gets there, them rickety mules 'il be pullin' that scanlous-lookin' wason away from that claim."

"You bet." agreed the citizen.

"Pride, as Cy Hickson retailed the news to the citizens lounging on the porch of the Eureka General Store.

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"Pride, as Cy Hickson retailed the news to the citizens lounging on the porch of the citizens lounging on the porch

The general told me that the match took and the was allowed the server seen in those dars, and it was the most natural things in the world for two young fellows like mysel and dars, and it was the most natural things in the world for two young fellows like mysel and darshaded to try a resist. The result did not affect our friendship, and all.

"But how did turn out, governor?" said in "Which whipped?"

"That I don't like to say," replied the see retary of agriculture, "and it is handly a "Oh, well," I replied, "Garfield was a by tell." I replied, "Garfield was a way from that close in the seed and the see retary of agriculture, "and it is handly a consultative neited at the thought that he match the world." I replied, "Garfield was a wery strong man, genoral, and you need not be ashamed of having had an unsuccessful contest with a man of his calibre."

"Oh, well," I replied, "Garfield was a way in the world in a rassel suit!" was a like myself, and in the world in the was the most in a rasself the the way anything about this Garfield of Garfield's from that time to his death, though I did not meet him again until the opening of the war. When we were in Congress together he used to call me stage, not ashamed of it, but I thanked the Lord that he had given me four horses to man age instead of condemning me to steer an insignificant bebtail mile."

"You make me think of the three were two big boys and one little one. One of the way of the way is any of the way in the way of the way in the way in the world whether he was coung to load and then passed it to the other pip by, who did likewise and passed it back to big boy with one way the way to be an out to stand the way to be an out the stand of the spitting."

"You make me think of the three were two big boys and one little one of the way in t

had—"
She flung herself prone on the grave, em-

Yes, he was, too! Got mad at nothing!

"Yes, he was, too! Got mad at nothing! Ought to have been shot on the spot."
"No! He—we—"
"Mary, don't you know me?"
"Ben Fargo!"
"Yes a darned fool. Got mad at nothing."
A little later the dispossessed owner of the shack was smoothing up the mound that covered the child of the person who had jumped his claim. And the jumper sat on the grass near by looking less desolate.

sat on the grass near by looking less desolate.

When, later, Mr. Ben Fargo was passing the General Ureka store, he was stopped by Col. Pride.

"Did the jumper cut up rusty, Ben?"

"Nope!" Fargo answered, shortly, moving away.

"Go without trouble?"

"Nope!" "Reckoned he was able for you?"

"Nope!" Farther away.

"Wall, then, what did—"

"Nothing. There yet." Fargo turned the corner.

"Nothing. There yet." Fargo turned the corner.

Hickson, the mail carrier, as he was going from New Boston, saw Ben Fargo smoothing the baby's grave, and marvelled thereat. When he returned from the trip he retailed the news to the prominent citizens.

"Waal, I'm beat." announced Col. Pride.
"Me. too." agreed several.
The attempt to interview Ben Fargo when next he appeared was not a brilliant sucnext he appeared was not a by

No one acknowledged to a desire.
one day the Clarion published the follo

he day the character in the Rev Mr. em of interest:
"Married, this morning, by the Rev Mr. by he had been at the claim given to the by Prouty, at the claim given to the groom. Mrs. Mary Stone the groom. Mrs. Mary Stone jamin Fargo." And this time Ben Fargo



#### EDITED BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT.

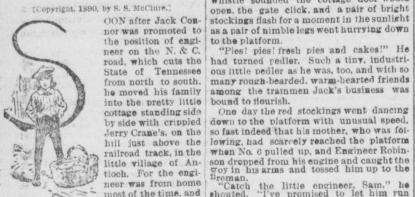
ENGINEER CONNOR'S SON-By Will Allen Dromgoole.

SUNSET PASS-By Capt. Charles King. GUNS AND THEIR USE-By Maurice Thompson.

HOW THE CANNIBALS PRESENTED ME WITH A WIFE-By Carl Lumholtz. A PAINTER OF ANIMALS-By Benjamin Northrup.

ENGINEER CONNOR'S SON.

"Stick to the Engine and Stand by Your Mother, Jack."



door, as she usually did, to see No. 6 go by.

The train men were pretty well acquainted with the Antioch people in general, but there was not one among them, from conductor down, who did not know Jack Connor's son.

"Little Jack." they called him, and the train never whistled for Antioch but they would look out for the little fellow hoisted on the wood pile to see his father's engine

fellow would go almost wild over the big engine, and the glowing furnace, the great bell clanging a hasty goodby, and the shrill whistle, which more than once he had been whistled to "pull."

Yes. sir, he said, that you had the reach to say."

Enrineer Robinson turned to look out at the other window down the track, the straight, treacherous track along which poor Jack Connor had travelled to eternity.

Just naturally takes to the engine." the fireman would often say; "gets that from

Young Jack talked on, softly,

ATA BOOK

tinctly:

"And father said, the might they brought
him home, sir, he said: 'Every man may
jump but the engineer—the engineer must
stick to the engine.' And he said, father

THEN HE STOOD BETWEEN HIS MOTHER

AND THE FEROCIOUS BEAST,

said, away off, it seemed to me, like you try

said, away on, it seemed to me, like you try
to speak when the steam's a sizzing sir, he
said: 'Stick to the engine, and stand by
your mother, Jack.' And I've been a-thinkng, Mr. Robinson"—the engineer leaned
further out, the sleeve of his blue overalls
brushed his face, while Jack talked one
"I've been a-thinking all day as maybe I
ought not to have left her by herself a
whole day."

Jack did seem to have a natural love for a locomotive

Jerry Crane used to say of him: I can allus tell when the cyars are com ing-there's a slapbang of neighbor Comnor's door, a click of the gate, and in a minute a little yellow head top of a big pile of wood, and when I see it I always say to my wife 'Mary, the cyars are coming.' And she looks out, not at the railroad track, but at

the woodpile, and says she, 'Yes, they are Sometimes a neighbor would pass and

'Any news today, Jack?" "Father's aboard today, sir," he would answer, or else, "There's a bridge down between here and Chattanooga, sir," or "No. 6 will be 15 minutes late today, sir."

He always had something to tell, and it

was mostly of the trains or the track, engipes or wrecks. Anything that concerned the railroad was interesting to Jack, for, aside from his admiration for the locomotive, little Jack's father went up and down that long seel track just once each way every day.

He had his father's head, the trainmen said, but the neighbors declared he had his mother's sunny, hopeful, helpful nature. But one day trouble came to her door Engineer Connor was brought home in a caboose, both legs mashed and an arm gone, while his engine lay in a ruined heap under a broken bridge just beyond the Tennessee river. Every man had jumped but he-fireman

brakeman, all but Jack. "Jump. Connor, for your life!" the fire-man had called to him when the timbers

And the man had laid his hand upon the "You forget I'm engineer."

And there he stood until the crash came. He was not quite dead when the boys found him and all the time they were workfound him and all the time they were working with him he was praying. Just for life to get home, they heard him whisper. "Just long enough to get home and die by your mother, Jack; she's safe."

"But you know what father said. 'Stand by your mother, Jack, and here I am away

with my wife and boy." His prayer was granted; he reached home and the two he loved best on God's earth.

Just before he died he reached for his pockcoal, the steam began to pull and No. c spect on its way.

The wind, could it have spoken, must have carried strange stories of what it saw and heard in its passage through the engine-pox that day. Strange stories of rough forms and gentle hearts, gruff voices and tender words, bearded chin and childish cheek pressed together in sympathy and love. ethook under his pillow and handed it to

"It is all I've got. Annie," he said. "I wish it was more, wife." Then he laid his hand on the little head with its crown of yellow curls pressing his piliow. He seemed to forget the boy was

only a baby. Jack," he said. "I leave your mother to you. Take care of her, my man."

Then his mind seemed to wander; he was on the engine one moment, the next with

The company will do something for you

pulled out Engineer Robinson leaned from his window.
"Here I am, mother," the joyful greeting rang out, and the engineer saw Jack go straight into the arms opened to receive by and by, Jack," he said, "and always remember-don't forget it, Jack-that any man in time of danger may desert-any man but the engineer. He must stick-stickstick to his post, Jack.

The hand on the boy's head grew heavy; the little fellow choked back his sobs and laid one hand tenderly on his father's brow. The dying engineer opened his eyes and

"Stick to the engine and stand by your mother, Jack," he whispered. The hand on the boy's head crew cold. and when they lifted it and laid it back

upon the dead man's breast Jack turned to But she had scarcely begun her task when Jack came panting up the hill.
"Why, mother." he called, "didn't you know I was coming?" He expected her to lean upon him; as he grew older the feeling grew, and he was always disappointed if she failed to do so.
One morning she went out to her milking, and a strange dog met her and sprang upon her. There was no childish outburst of grief; only an awakening, as it seemed, of the young manhood in him as he opened his

"Here I am, mother," he said, and she

It was then that Jack's life began in earnest. The pet name of "Baby Jack" no longer trembled upon his mother's lips. She called him instead, "My son." "My boy," or else 'twas "Mother's man." So is he heart wont to clothe with strength that aich it leans upon.

and the ferocious mad beast, flourishing his club and bidding the dog begone.
Pete relieved the loyal little fellow by killing the dog, which, he afterwards declared to his wife was "raving mad."
"But mad or not," he added. "it wouldn't a mindered that boy's pitching right in to fight for his mammy. It always brings the tears to my eyes somehow when I come in contact with that manful little chap of Jack Connor's.

years. Day after day when the whistle sounded a little figure was seen to climb the woodpile—Jerry Crane's woodpile then—to watch for his mother. His eye seemed to search every window as the trains came up.

"Here I am. mother!" the snrill, clear voice would ring out. And when the train had passed on some one would explain;
"It's poor Jack Connor come to meet his mother."

bill just above the railroad track, in the little village of Antioch. For the engineer was from home most of the time, and Jerry being a cripple, Jack knew would explain; "Lis poor Jack Connor come to meet his mother."

They grew accustomed to seeing him there as the days drifted on into years and he still kept his promise. "Every train until you come back," he shouted. "I've promised to let him run ho. 6 today,"
There was a happy little laugh, and then a vision of golden curls at the window.
The houses stood side by side, and both doors opened towards the railroad. The village, indeed, was built so, straight down the railroad, for the train was about the biggest thing about Antioch.

Jack Connor's cottage stood on a hill, so near to the track that he could speak to his wife from his engine and caught the grain men. "Catch the little engineer, Sam," he shouted. "I've promised to let him run a vision of golden curls at the window.

"Mother, mother! Can you spare me a whole day."
The houses stood side by side, and both doors opened towards the railroad. The biggest thing about Antioch.

Jack Connor's cottage stood on a hill, so near to the track that he could speak to his wife from his engine and caught the goth in the place of the train was and tossed him up to the hieman.

"Catch the little engineer, Sam," he shouted. "I've promised to let him run a vision of golden curls at the window.

"Mother, mother! Can you spare me a whole day."

The houses stood side by side, and both to turn), "and the wood is in, mother" (the train was moving). "and the window.

"I'll come back at 5.10" (the wheels began to turn), "and the wood is in, mother" (the train was moving). "and the window.

"Is not yet. Jack." they told him. He said will be here on that train," he said. "I must go down to meet her when No. 6 comes in."

At 11 he started and sat up in bed. "I's he in yet?" he asked. "Is No. 6 in?"

"Not yet, Jack, dear," they told him, and the place of the cars drowned his voice— "body in the rail place of the cars drowned his

door open and knew it was Jack waiting for his mother.

One day they missed him; he was ill, raving with fever.

Jerry Crane's wife bent over his pillow; the poor little life was going.

At 10 c'clock he opened his eyes.

"Is No. 6 in yet?" he asked.

"Not yet, Jack." they told him.
He smiled and closed his eyes again.

"She'll be here on that train," he said. "I must go down to meet her when No. 6 comes in."

At 11 he started and sat up in bed.

"Is she in yet?" he asked. "Is No. 6 in?"

"Not yet, Jack, dear," they told him, and he dropped back ameng his pillows, where he lay for an hour talking, first to the engine, then to Engineer Robinson. Then his mind wandered to his father and the night he died.

"Stick to your engine and stand by your

by.

He seldom went further than the woodpile, that was his mother's order, although the brakeman and the train butcher would sometimes try to coax him down to the platform with apples and sticks of striped candy.

But he would shake his yellow curls and throw them a kiss as the long train pulled out.

Sometimes his mother would take him down to speak to his father, and the little fellow would go almost wild over the big engine, and the glowing furnace, the great intervalment could quite dispel.

He would climb up to the engineer's velous on the wind on the engineer's velous or the trees flitting by.

Once the train stopped to wait for a delayed freight, and the engineer spoke to the boy sitting silent at the window.

"Hello, Jack!" he said. "You're not assemble flet was to his father, and the little freight. Whatever other folks may do, he's got to keep his eyes open."

Jack's eyes filled as he looked at his old friend.

"Yes. sir," he said, "that's just what father used to say."

Engineer Robinson or would the fireman that little dispel.

The train pulled up and stopped. It was only a freight stopping for water, but that was nothing to Jack. A smile filted across his face.

"She's come." he said, and with a look of the clouds or the trees flitting by.

"The train pulled up and stopped. It was only a freight stopping for water, but that was nothing to Jack. A smile filted across his face.

"She's come." he said, and with a look of the clouds or the wait for a delayed freight. And the engineer spoke to the boy sitting silent at the window.

"Hello, Jack!" he said. "You're not said. "You're not said. "You're not said." She's come." he said and went to meet her.

When he elimbed back to his seat at the engine window, he drew his sleeve across his face.

"She's come." he said, and with a look of the clouds or the window.

"Hello, Jack!" he said. "You're not sleep, sir: remember that. When he elimbed back to his seat at the engine window, he drew his eyes and told the fireman that lotted in the curl of the country

Maurice Thompson Tells Boys Which to Buy.

to Buy.

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The gun is, perhaps, the most fascinating thing to boys that can be thought of, and it is therefore necessary that they should be instructed in its uss. There is comparatively little danger in handling firearms if carelessness is avoided. Nearly all the accidents by which boys have been hurt or killed while using guns have been the result of gross meglect of the simplest rules of states. Was neglecting his watch, a daring young the bost of the remotest corner of the recess hack."

"Wait a few minutes, Ned. I want to be sure that sure they are not sneaking around those corners," was the reply, followed almost in stantly by the bang of Pike's carbine.

Kate gave a suppressed shriek and the corporal a shout of exultation. Encouraged by the sound of his voice to suppose that the guard on the east side of the barrier was neglecting his watch, a daring young Apache crawled on all fours around the foot of the reck to take an observation. The black head came in view even as Pike was shot. killed while using guns have been the result of gross meglect of the simplest rules of safety.

Three kinds of weapons may be classed as pistol. It is rare, indeed, for a how to need My advice to boys is to let it alone.

The rifle is the long-range weapon of sport and for large game it is the only effective one. Since the perfection of the shotgun the old-time rifle has been less and less in demand for small game; still for squirrel-shooting, especially in the South, it is in common use, and for target practice it can

not be equalled.

All the best guns now made are breechloaders. No other kind is worth buying. I cannot here recommend any special maker's gun, but I would say that Americans make as good guns as the English or

cans make as good guns as the English or anybody else.

The best rifle for boys is a 32-calibre breechloader, which uses short metal shells. Such a gun, if of good make, will be quite accurate at any range within: 150 yards, and will kill any game that boys are privileged to hunt. I say this because game that is large or dangerous should never be followed by the young or inexperienced. If, however, a boy must shoot large game, let him have a gun of large calibre. For deer, antelope and the like, a 44-gauge is quite heavy enough, but for bear and all large and dangerous animals the guns to be used are extra heavy express rifles, which none but strong men should try to handle. For target-shooting at short range a 22-calibre or even a smaller rifle may be used, and these small guns are very effective for squirrel-shooting in low timber or for killing rabbits.

The rifle may be used for shooting at

off on your engine, sir."

The delayed freight rattled by twenty minutes late: the freman threw in some coal, the steam began to puff and No. 6 sped

and these small guns are very effective for squirrel-shooting in low timber or for killing rabbits.

The rifle may be used for shooting at moving objects, but it requires great expertness, and there are few who can attain to success in it.

At this time the shotgun most used is the double-barrelled, breech-loading, hammerless weapon, but I advise boys to be content with the best make of hammer guns.

In choosing a shotgun, the chief thing is to get one of excellent workmanship, and to do this requires some knowledge of the parts of the weapon. Of all the parts the barrel is the most important, though for that matter nearly all the reputable makers turn out good ones, and no other sort. Order agun with Damascus or laminated steel barrels and rebounding locks; have the left barrel "choked" and the right with cylinder bore. A choked barrel is bored so that it throws the shot very close together and with even distribution. The cylinder bore is of the same diameter throughout its length, and it scatters the shot over a large surface.

Boys will find a gun of the size called 20-No, 6 drew up on time at Antioch, 5.10.
A door flew open as the whistle sounded four times, as if to say, "Here I am, mother."
A little form was lowered from the engine and went flying through the mist and fog towards the lighted doorway. As the train pulled out Engineer Robinson leaned from his window.

Boys will find a gun of the size called 20gauge the lightest and best for shooting all game not larger than quail. For all ordinary inland shooting, however, the preferable weapon is the 16-gauge, weighing about seven or better, six and a half pounds. Let him.

"I am coming, mother," that became a very familiar cry among the nearest meighbors. And more than one eye filled up and ran over as little Jack Connor's voice. thrilling and hopeful, rang out on the frosty air of a winter's morning.

One evening he was late returning from an errand upon which his mother had sent him. The clouds were heavy, tas if they might hold snow.

Mrs. Connor knew that Jack would be cold and tired when he returned, so she took his basket and went out to the wood pile.

"I'll gather the chips," she said, "and save him that much work."
But she had scarcely begun her task when Jack came panting up the hill.
"Why, mother," he called, "didn't you know I was coming?"
He expected her to lean upon him; as he grewolder the feeling grew, and he was always disappointed if she failed to do so. One moraing she went out to her milking.

The object in having the left barrel of

The object in having the left barrel of One moraing she went out to her milking, and a strange dog met her and sprang upon her.

Scarcely knowing whatshe did, she threw the milking pail at him and screamed for Jack.

He came with a bound, seizing a club as he bassed the wood pile.

"I'm coming, mother."

Old Peter Giass passing near heard Jack's cry and ran down to hear what was the matter. There he stood between his mother.

The object in having the left barrel of your gun choked is to make it more effective at long range. Thus, it a bird is fired at and missed with the right barrel. which is always first used, the left barrel of your gun choked is to make it more effective at long range. Thus, it a bird is fired at and missed with the right barrel. which is always first used, the left barrel is better suited to make the second shot, as the flying bird has got much further away.

Now, having chosen and bought your gun, whether rifle or shotgun, the next thing is to learn how to handle it with ease, accuracy and safety.

First, let us learn the use of the rifle.

SUNSET PASS

--OR,--Running the Gauntlet Through Apache Land.

BY CAPT. CHARLES KING.



KNEELING ON THE GROUND HE CLASPED HIS LITTLE ONES TO HIS BREAST,

black head came in view even as Pike was shot.

Shot though sorely pressing the be"And still, though sorely pressing the be"And still, though sorely pressing the bespeaking and the fierce eyes peered cauhand-guns-the rifle, the shotgun and the never moved a muscle, and the savage, believing himself unseen, crawled still fura pistol, and I shall only say here that the most dangerous and the least useful of all arms. It is so short that it is hard to which the old trooper was gazing. The brown muzzle of the cavalry carbine covbravely with perfect safety, and it is not brown muzzle of the cavalry carbine covbrave," and the next in ered the creeping "brave," and the next instant the loud report went echoing over the gorge and the Indian, with one convulsive spring, fell back upon the ground writhing

in the agonies of death.

This would tend to keep them from

"O God," he prayed, 'save these little children. Bring us aid." Poor old Pike! Even as the whispered words fell from his lips a low, crackling sound caught his ear. Louder it grew, and, looking suddenly to the left, he saw a thin curl of smoke rising through the branches and gaining every instant in volume. Louder, louder snapped the blazing twigs. Denser, heavier grew the smoke, Then tiny darts of flame came shooting upward tiny darts of flame came shooting upward through the top of the pile and then yells of triumph and exultation rang from the rock above and the hillside below.

A minute or two more, and while the Indians continued to pour fresh fusl from above, the great heap was a mass of roaring flame and the heat became intolerable. A puff of wind drove a huge volume of smoke and flame directly into Jim's nook in the fortification, and with a shout that he could hold on no longer the negro dropped back into the cave, rubbing his blinded eyes.

above. And statistically and still be caused in the cave, rubbing his blinded eyes.

"Come back. Jim, quick!" shouted Pike. "Back! boy, back! They'll all be on us over but watch for Indians on your sight for a moment of the side of the parapet was almost demoished. Half blinded by smoke and the scorching heat, he lost sight for a moment of the shoulder of the ledge on the east side. Two seconds more and it might have been all so the ready sight of the parapet sight of the state of

This would tend to keep them from sneaking around that particular corner, thought Pike, and he only wished that Jim could have similar luck on his side; but the Indians had grown wary. Time and again the veteran glanced down the hill to see if there was any sign of their crawling upon him from below, but that threatening pile of brushwood new hid most of the slope from his weary, anxious eyes. The crisis could not be long in coming.

"O God," he prayed, "save these little children. Bring us aid."

"Ask his head and flattened on the rock well back in the cave.

Where could that have come from was the question. A little whiff of blue smoke sailing away on the wind from the fork of a tall oak not 50 feet in front told the story. Hidden from view of the besieged by the drifting smoke from the fire, a young warrior had clambered until he resched the crock, and there had drawn up the rifte and belt tied by his comrades to a lariat. Straddling a convenient branch and lashing himself to the trunk, he was now in such a position that he could peer around the tree and aim right into the mouth of the rocky recess, and only one leg was ex-

my friendship.

such a position that he could peer around the tree and aim right into the mouth of the rocky recess, and only one leg was exposed to the fire of the defence.

But that was one leg too much.

"Blaze away at him, Jim," was the order.

"We'll fire alternately." And Jim's bullet knocked a chip of bark into space, but did no further harm.

"It's my turn now. Watch your side."

But, before Pike could take aim, there came a shot from the fork of the tree that wellnigh robbed the little garrison of its brave leader. The corporal was just creeping forward to where he could rest his rife on a little rock, and the Indian's bullet struck fairly in the shoulder and tore its way down along the muscles of the back, glancing upward from the shoulder blade and flattening on the rock overhead fell almost before Ned's eyes. The shock knocked the old soldier flat on his face, and there came a veil of savage triumph from the tree, answered by yells from below and above. Ned, terror-stricken, sprang to the old soldier's side, just as he was struggling to rise.

"Back! boy, back! They'll all be on us

for their wenderful preservation.

"Papa—papa, I shot an Indian!" How many a time little Ned has to shout it in his eager young voice before his father can realize what is being said.

"It's the truth he's telling, sir," says a big sergeant. "There's wan of 'em lies at the corner there with a hole no bigger than a pay under the right eye," and the captain knows not what to say.

The surgeon's stimulants have restored Pike to consciousness, and Gwynue kneels again to take the old soldier's hands in his. Dry eyes are few. Hearts are too full for many words.

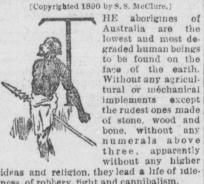
After infinite peril and suffering, after most gallant defence, after a night of terror and a day of hercest battle, the little party was rescued, one and all, to life and love and such a welcome when at last they were brought back to Verde, where Pike was nursed back to strength and health, where Nellie was caressed as a heroine and where little Ned was petted and wellnigh spoiled as "the boy that shot an Indian"—and if he did brag about it occasionally when he came East to school, who can blame him?

But when they came they did not that time try the route of Sunset Pass.

[THE END.] [THE END.]

PRESENTED WITH A WIFE.

Carl Lumholtz, the Famous Explorer, Relates an Odd Experience. [Copyrighted 1890 by S. S. McClure.]



graded human beings to be found on the face of the earth Without any agricul tural or méchanica implements except the rudest ones made of stone, wood and bone, without any numerals above three, apparently without any higher ideas and religion, they lead a life of idle-

ness, of robbery, tight and cannibalism. The women are really only the men's property, but at the same time their most valuable property, so the more a man possesses of these precious chattels the riche he is considered. Some men may even have five or six wives, although two or three is the more common number. It is generally only the old and leading citizens who have more than two wives, and, in fact, it is very difficult for a young man below 30 years of age to get as much as one When we take into consideration how highly the Australians value their women because they actually feed the men, it is easily understood that I have every reason to feel flattered at the incident I am now going to narrate, and which brought me near marrying an Australian girl. There was not much courtship incident to this proposed marriage, however, nor did the passion run very high between the parties n question. It came about in this manner It was a rather hot and sultry midsumme night. As the readers must not forget

re he lay for an hour talking, first to the engine then to Engineer Robinson. Then his mind wandered to his father and the night he died.

Stick to your engine and stand by your mother, Jack. "they heard him whisper. "Stick to your engine and stand by your mother, Jack." they heard him whisper. "The train pulled up and stopped. It was not him the effect of the standard part of the train pulled up and stopped. It was only a freight stopping for water, but that was nothing to Jack. A smile filted across his acc. "We can stand 'em off for hours yet, you nuntierable beace held out his arms and went down the platform to speak to the agent. "The train pulled up he platform to speak to the agent. "When he climbed back to his seat at the entry was not and the platform to speak to the agent. "When he climbed back to his seat at the entry was not and the platform to speak to the agent. "When he climbed back to his seat at the entry was not and the platform to speak to the agent. "When he climbed back to his seat at the entry was not and the platform to speak to the agent. "When he climbed back to his seat at the entry was needed and the platform to speak to the agent. "When he climbed back to his seat at the entry was needed to know the draw the platform to speak to the agent. "When he climbed back to his seat at the entry was needed to know the draw the platform to speak to the agent. "When he climbed back to his seat at the entry was needed to know the development of the care of the entry was needed. The heart rezained a gleam of hoose; a new lifeshed in his eyes, new strength seemed to know that a surrent blasted in his eyes, new strength seemed to a big feather and the high the heart rezained a gleam of hoose; a new lighted have and seven his power and the heart rezained a gleam of hoose; a new lighted have and seven his power lit, and the blacks, both my own to lead to a big feather and the whole day been engaged in hunting shounced heart on the resail around her that her save accounts the save across his exidence a

and did not leave off importuning me till I had complied with their wish and discharged my revolver.

The shot made a great resonance in the narrow valley, and immediately a hubbub arose in the camp of the dancers which was lying at some distance. Some of them came running at their utmost speed over to the place where I was and, in a hurried ner, asked the blacks there to make me

come over to them. I at once yielded to their wish and for "And still, though sorely pressing the besieged, the Indians kept close under cover.
The lessons of the morning had taught
them that the pale faces could shoot fast
and straight. They had lost heavily, and
could afford no more risks. But every moment their circle seemed closer to the
mouth of the cave, and though direct assault could not now be made because of
their great boniire, the dread that weighed
on Pike was that they should suddely rish
in from the east and west. "In that event,"
said he to Jim, "we must sell our lives as
dearly as possible. I'll have two at least
before they can reach me."
Hardly had he spoken when bang! came
a shot from beyond the fire; a bullet zipped
past his head and fiattened on the rock
well back in the cave.
Where could that hears come from was

I at once yielded to their wish and followed them over to their camp, where I
found a grand and excited powow in progress. Unable to account for the shot in
any other way than that the white man
was angry for some reason or other, they
had quickly made up their minds to appease
was their man, with the site and excited powow in progress. Unable to account for the shot in
any other way than that the white man
was angry for some reason or other, they
had quickly made up their minds to appease
with the site arts of the poet and story-teller
with the site at the artist among all American painters who unites in the highest degree the arts of the poet and story-teller
with the site and printing.

"How did I begin my art work?" continued the artist in answer to my inquiry.

"That would be rather difficult to tell. I
ame near enough I could catch a few
words, such as kola (anger), nili (young
arith the shot in
any other way than that the white man
was angry for some reason or other, they
was the shot in the artist among all American painters who unites in the bigner than the artist among all the
with the shot in
any other way than that the white man
the presenting me with
the finest looking girl in their camp. All
were talking

One of my men explained to me. "The war I served three years and a half in the blacks want to give you a young girl be- first regiment that went out of Chicago as a cause they are afraid of the baby gun." I did not want to disturb their amusement

mony would be performed, so I let them | an express clerk I devoted my evenings to fetch her to my hut. When we remember what a high value among the Australians is attached to a ficiency I made up my mind to come to young and pretty wife, it is easily seen that New York and study art seriously. I left

As soon as the natives heard that I would accept the girl they evidently felt some what reassured, and their troubled coun tenances gave way to a relieved expression and even joyful talk. But Kelanmi did no feel at all edified at the thought of marry ing "Mami." The girls never their tribe, and in this case she was to be long to a white man, the first she had ever seen. When I went away I heard the na tives talk harshly to her, and by threats compel her to go with the stranger. I learned afterward that she was originally intended for a young black, by name Kal Ducbaroh, for whom it seems she really felt a kind of affection, an occurrence that sometimes if not often happens among

push at once for Sunset Pass; to leave Capt. Gwynne here with most of his nearly wern out excert: to mount the six Hualpai trailhands with man after man. So, too, is hands with them on the six freshest horses, so as to get them to the scene of the tragedy as soon as possible, and then to start them afoot to follow the Apaches. In 10 minutes Capt. Turner, with Lieut. Wilkins and 40 troopers, were trotting off eastward following the lead of Sieber with his swarthy allies.

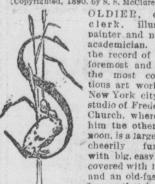
Ten minutes more and Capt. Gwynne had sufficiently revived to be made fully award of what was going on, and was on his feet agrillar in an instant. The surgeon vainly strove to detain him, but was almost rudely repulsed.

"Do you suppose I can rest one conscious."

Old Kate laughing, weeping and showering bicksings on the boys, is frantically shaking anxious as yet to escape the bonds of matrious as yet to escape the bonds of matrious, is an inous as yet to escape the bonds of matrious, as yet to escape the bonds of matrious, as yet to escape the bonds of matrious, is an inous as yet to escape the bonds of matrious, is an inous as yet to escape the bonds of matrious, is an inous as yet to escape the bonds of matrious, is an inous as yet to escape the bonds of matrious, is an inous as yet to escape the bonds of matrious, is an inous, is an inous, is an inous, is an inous, is an inous as yet to escape the bonds of matrious, is an inous, is an indian in an inous, is an

A PAINTER OF ANIMALS.

Sketch of F. S. Church, With Pictures Drawn by Him. (Copyrighted, 1890. by S. S. McClure.)



Australia are the lowest and most de-

from the Harpers, until one day they rejected one of my animal or bird sketches. I have forgotten which. The editor said 'twasn't funny.' As his opinion agreed entirely with my own, I turned my mind and hand to more serious work. Since then I have drawn a great many animal sketches O. by S. S. McClure.] that some persons have thought to be OLDIER, express humorous, although I could never see any clerk, illustrator, humor in them, but this temporary setback painter and national started me in the line of work I have been

academician. That is following ever since."
the record of one of "What should a boy "What should a boy do who wants to study

foremost and one of animal painting?"
the most conscien"Study animals," replied the artist. "I tious art workers in have visited Central Park during the days I New York city. The have been in New York almost continuously studio of Frederick S. for the past eighteen years. Every morning Church, where I met | it is my practice to visit the menagerie about him the other after- 6.30 o'clock and spend two hours making moon, is a large room, sketches. That is the one way that skill cheerily furnished can be attained. In addition to this conwith big, easy chairs, stant study I have dissected animals with covered with leather. Prof. Thomas E. Eakins, the famous Philaand an old-fashioned delphia comparative anatomist and artist. We have dissected cats together to study invite rest. At one end the formation of the tiger, and we have of the room there is a gallery, such as some studied other phases of natural history with and the walls are covered to an extent that actions requires as much study and as much the original color is completely hidden by acquaintance with the subject as to paint a studies in oil, water, charcoal and pencil woman or a man.'



IN CENTRAL PARK.

midsummer is in Australia about Christ- that represent hours and hours, and even mas time-in Australia where the days and days of patient work. Here is the

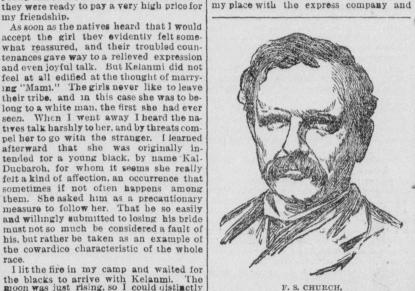
"But how about humorous drawing?" "To tell the truth I never have seen anyswans are black, where the birds don't first sketch of "Viking's Daughter," thing humorous about a bird or an animal. sing and the flowers don't smell-every- with parts of it erased and drawn I have seen a great many things that I have thing is the reverse of what we are accustomed to in other countries. The campfires were lit, and the blacks, both my own foldown to this you see "The elephants bathing in Central Park." Then comes a beautiful can see through the same pair of spectacles lowers and some other friendly tribe, had gathered to a big festive dance. My men envy, demurely sitting in a lion's den as struck me as being a very droll bird. I serenely contented as the biblical accounts have seen cranes dance in the West, and describe the prophet Daniel during a sımi- one of my first first New York sketches was lar trying experience.

Are production of the scene. Then the pelical mr. Church is considerably over six feet can with its expression of absolute wear a reproduction of the scene. Then the pelitall, of spare, athletic build. His face is ness of life and its awkward poses is a bird strongly marked, and a light moustache that arouses certain queer ideas in an imagcovers his firm mouth. He would be more inative artist. Of animals the long-eared



AN UNEXPECTED VISITOR. found a grand and excited powow in pro- apt to be taken for a shrewd and prosperous furry-tailed have has about about as much

So I calkylate my best holt comes in swingin' of a private soldier. I always loved to draw; from my earliest boyhood days I was fond by not accepting the offer, and, besides, I of making sketches of this or that, or anywas anxious to know how the wedding cerething that struck my fancy. While I was studying art and to drawing for commercial After I had acquired sufficient pro



of Design in this city. There I studied for a year or more. When did you first begin painting animals?

"I began drawing animals almost as soon as I began my art work," replied Mr. Church. "I have always been greatly inter Shots came vinging thick and fast. Yells The bullet of the little Ballard had taken him just under the eye, and as Pike turned in amazement at the double report, say the Acache fall and then turned to his left-there knell little. Ned, his blue eyes obsatched with the same time and retirement and triumph. Pike seized him in his arms and fairly kissed the glowing face. "God bless you, my boy! but you are a little soldier if these eyer was one!" was this cry. "Now all three of us must watch the front both those hounds back—until the boys come!" Little seed. The best had been to be the best they had she been they seemed redoubled. What can be boys come!" Until the boys come! Heavens! When would that be? Here was the day nearly hali spent and no size of relief for the little seed the seed to have a little than the tribute of the hounds back—until the boys come! Heavens! When would that be? Here was the day nearly hali spent and no size of relief for the little part of the seed the seed in the public seed to both the seed the seed in the come into be the seed the seed in the public seed to have large the best they had she there was the day nearly hali spent and no size of relief for the little part of the boys come!"

Until the boys come! Heavens! When where can the feature of the boys come it is not the best they had she the same time to get a best by the seed the seed in the boys come it is not the seed the seed in the boys come it is not the seed the seed in the boys come it is not the seed the seed in the boys come it is not the seed the seed in the boys come it is not the seed the seed in the boys come it is not the seed the seed in the boys come it is not the seed the seed in the boys come it is not the seed the seed in the boys come it is not the seed the seed in the boys come it is not the seed the seed in the boys come it is not the seed the seed in the boys come it is not the seed the seed in the boys come is not the seed the seed in the boys come it is not the seed the seed in the boys come it is not the s ested in wild, man-eating animals, and in

humor in him as any other quadruped I know of."

BENJAMIN NORTHRUP.

Yaas, I'm sort o' weak on music, that is, ez a gin'ral Though I rassled with the gammit at old Squawker's singin' skule; For my ear lacks eddycation, and my tongue is ruther slow.

JERUSHA'S OLD PIANO.

hoe, Howsomdever I hev allus loved a good, old-fashioned chune
Like the "Gal I Left Behind Me," or the "Banks of Bonnie Deon;"
And how mighty nice they sounded when at eve the children sang
To the old-time square pianner that Jerushy used

ter bang! Jerushy (she's my darter) wuz a master clever gal: And our neighbor Tompkins' Hepsy wuz her buzzum friend and pal; One wuz fust and t'other second, like tu hosses in a

Whilst young Johnathan wuz counter and Eliakim sung bass.

O, how pleasant the old farmhouse of a cold Decem-

ber night,
With the hick'ry fire a snappin' and the candles all alight,
As the music swelled and tetered, mingled with the

meller clang
Of the old-time square pianner that Jerushy used ter bang! Darter 'Rushy wuzn't science fdr as execution goes,

But she'd wallop out the music thet you'd feel clear tu your toes; She'd never heard of Waggoner, or some sich pison name, For she larnt her style of playin' jest 'fore these

Dutch fellers came. But she'd knock out "Fisher's Hornpipe," "Devil's Dream" and "Money Musk," Whilst her mar and me sat list'nin' as the day grew inter dusk. And we never once got tired of the merry cling-te-

clang
Of thet old-time square planner that Jerushy used Now Jerushy she is merried, and lives down at

And I'm gran'pap tu three tow-heads-more tu come, I reckon, still. Yaas, I'm gittin' sort o' feeble—allus glad when day For somehow the rows seem longer as I hoe'em, one

Though old age comes on a creepin' yet my heart is fresh and green, For I'm allus livin' over every pleasant sound and

scene—
Allus dreamin' of home faces, happy songs and jolly Of thet old-time square pianner thet Jerushy used Ware, Mass.

A Regular Freak. [Fliegende Blaetter.] "Do you play the piano, Miss Young?" "Do you sing?"
"No, and I have not had the influenza.

No. It's Because They Always Work. [Washington Post.] Elik says that a woman uses tears in an argument because she has the right to choose her weepin's.

[Washington Star.] The beginner is never quite sure whether he is riding the bicycle or the bicycle is

He Knows How He Feels at Night.

Why Not Drive It In? (Munsey's Weekly.)
First fisherman—What luck?
Second fisherman—None at all; I can't get the cork out.

# DINING CARS.

They Are Gliding Marvels of Ingenuity.

Hotels on Wheels, Rivalling the Best Metropelitan Hestelries.

The First Ever Made Now Used as a Railroad Boarding Car.



INING CARS on raff. roads, in these days of abundant travel, are as necessary as sleep-ing cars. On the Western lines dining cars are more complete and comprehensive in their arrangements, more elegant in their adornments and generally of a more palatial kind, while the cost for meals is above a third less than on the Eastern roads.

However, things are looking up at this end of the continent, and improvements are being constantly made and luxuries introduced in the way of eating and drinking. Railroad travelling is everyday being ren-

dered more easy, pleasant and comfortable,

and the dining, parlor and sleeping cars on

dered more easy, pleasant and comfortable, and the dimine, parlor and sleeping cars on nearly all the roads are models of elegance. The railroad dining service, especially, has been greatly augmented in the past years. When the pioneer dining car was built by Pullman, 16 years ago, for the Chicago & Alton road, it was regarded as a somewhat strange innovation in the travelling line, and many strange stories are told of the people who patronized it at first with fear and trembling. This car, the "Deimonico," was, moreover, a queer specimen of diming car architecture, judged by the present elaborate palace cars in which luxuriously inclined travellers of epicurean tastes eat, drink and make merry while rushing at a headlong pace to their destinations.

The Deimonico was clumsily constructed and awkwardly arranged, and had meagre accommodations. Its kitchen was built in the centre, with a dining space fore and aft. Yet the "first" dining car was a styllsh affair in its day, and soon became so popular that a host of imitators sprung up, each one making some changes in construction and arrangement. The Delmenico, once so aristocratic as to be patronized by statesmen and millionnaires, is now used as a boarding-house car for railroad employes. In conversation with several railroad men I found that a dining car is not in itself profitable, and, although all first-class roads are operating them, it is more as an advertisement than as a direct source of profit.

Competing Lines

find that to provide an excellent dining service is a sure means of securing a big travior to the distinct of the regular patrons of the car. These habituses take everything coolly, handling are was to define a bottle of the car. These habituse is also everything coolly, handling their drinks and their drinks and their scups of defit as the provise of the travelling like in the must hold pix last the must hold pix last of the must hold pix las

find that to provide an excellent dining ser vice is a sure means of securing a big trav-

elling patronage. "People," said an official, "are on the lookout fer comfort when they travel. Be- Willimantic, a lady stepped into the car sides, everybody's in a hurry nowadays, and no one likes to give more working hours to mere travelling than is actually necessary. Bankers, merchants, stock brokers, public officials, and nearly all business men pick out trains in the daytime with a tip-top dining service, and in the night-time with the best sleeping service; and in this way they are able to economize a great deal of time. Even those who are travelling for pleasure like to have all the elegances of life as they travel, and the money that is spent by rich people travelling for extras, such as parlor chairs, drawing-room cars, sleeping apartments, and eating and drinking, is enormous. I think it would pay for all the roads to go in for the best "extras" at their disposal. If you will take notice you will find that every day adds something to the comfert of travellers on railroads.

On Western lines I have eaten table d'hote dinners at a cest of 75 cents which would make any hotel man tear his hair in horror if asked to provide anything approaching it at the price. And not only do these Western roads serve capital table d'hote dinners, but on transcontinental journeys the traveller may enjoy his three square meals a day, furnished in a style and at a cost unequalled at the most liberal of hotels.

The GLOBE's half million readers will be interested in learning something about the lunch and dining service on the roads running to and from Boston and New fork. something as to how the meals are prepared and served, what they cost and whe partake of them. time with a tip-top dining service, and in



The diners, I found in a number of ex regards quality, style and number of experimental trips, vary considerably as regards quality, style and number, but as a rule, the travellers who patronize these locomotive hotels comprise the best class of citizens. I found on the New England, the Shore and the Springfield lines everything elegant, and the tables beautifully set, the silverware bright, the glass clean, and the cloths and napkins of the whitest. In these eating and drinking cars the queen of cious and napkins of the whitest. In these eating and drinking cars the queen of plenty reigns, and the flowers, fruits and decorations spread around charm the eye no less than the delicacies served at the tables tickle the palate.

I Enjoy a Dinner

as much as a girl enjoys a dance, and it was with considerable satisfaction, hurrying as I was, that I stepped into the dining-car No. 97 from the dingy New England depot on a cold, stormy day, and took my seat in a warm, well-lighted dining car, the tables set with bits of gleaming silver, shining crystal and dainty linen.
This dining car is a commodious affair

and the steward gives an excellent \$1 table d'hote dinner. Here is the menu, from which I ordered liberally: Wareham Oysters, Raw. Baked Halibut, Jardiniere Sauce.

Boiled Mutton, Caper Sauce. urkey, Cranberry Sauce.

Ribs of Beef, Dish Gravy. Cream Fritters, Vanilla Sauce.

Veal Cutlets, Tomato Sauce.

Baked Macaroni, with Cheese.

Boston Baked Beans.

Tongue.

Lettuce. Gherkins. Olives.

Worcestershire Sauce. Tomato Ketchup. ershire Sauce. Tomato K.

Mashed Potatoes. Stewed Corn. Baked Sweet Potatoes.

Hubbard Squash. Stewed Tomatoes. French Pease.

Baked Rice Pudding.

Apple Pie. Squash Pie.

Assorted Cakes. Vanilla Ice Cream.

Oatmeal and Graham Wafers.

the head of each table hangs a large oil lamp, and the table service is plentiful.

A few minutes after starting, Steward

A Dapper Young Fellow in a blue suit with gilt buttons, passed rapidly through the cars, throwing out to each occupant, much after the style of the candy boys, the following:

Passengers will find on this train a dining car. Meals served on the European and American plan. Meals served on the European and American pian.

Eating and drinking began right away. The tables seating 40 persons, were soon filled, and the quiet car became a scene of of busy life, filled with pleasant smelling aromas, while the waiters moved quickly to and fro, to the jingling music of knives and forks.

The waiters knew their business. They were ready and polite. I took some interest in watching these fellows balance themselves on their trips from the kitchen to the



tables, loaded with heaped-up trays. I ook some physical diplomacy to steer clear of accidents and maintain their perpen-licular.

The most cursory glance will show who

One Incident Showed me the absurdity of not having a through dining car. This is only run between Bosand quietly ordered broiled quail on toast and a small bottle of wine.

"We can give you the wine," said the waiter, "but there's no time to cook a quail; we shall be at Willimantic in 10 minutes."
Well, the lady had an oyster stew, but she didn't seem to relish it.
Here is the table d'hote menu on the Shore Line dining car "Thames." on the Gilt Edge limited, for which the charge is also \$1.

DINNER. Cream of Chicken. Baked Red Snapper, Anchovy Sauce. Parisienne Potatoes.
Boiled Leg of Mutton, Caper Sance.

Young Turkey, Cranberry Sauce Salmi of Duck. Peach Meringue. Dressed Lettuce. German Salad. Boiled Potatoes, Green Peas. Mashed Potatoes. Buccotash,

Fruit. Ice-cream. Preserves. English, Graham and Oatmeal Wafers. Marmalade. Assorted Cake. Lemon Jelly. and Rocquefort Cheese.

French Coffee.

Distilled water is served at the table liberally. The Thames is run between Boston and New London on the 5 p. m. express, and dinner is served from 5 o'clock to 7 p. m., westward, and from 8 o'clock to 10 p. m., eastward. The dining-car Warwick is run between Boston and New London on the 1 o'clock train, and dinner is served from 1 o'clock to 3.30 p. m., westward, and from 4.30 to 7 p. m., eastward. On the 10 a. m. day express this road runs buffet cars. The Boston & Albanv has put on a dining-car within the last few days. The buffet menu is an interesting document, and it is diligently conned by the passengers on the Springfield line. Here is the card, with prices annexed: French Coffee.

25 cents, 25 cents. Julienne. Consomme, 25 cents. Cold Roast Chicken, Half, Cold Boiled Ham, 60 cents. 25 cents. Cold Boiled Tongue, Sardines.

ts. 25 cents. Boston Baked Beans, 20 cents.
Pickled Lamb's Tongue, Eggs (Two) Boiled, 15 cents. Two, 25 cents. 20 cents. Bread and Butter served with above without charge

Chicken Sandwich. Ham Sandwich, Tongue Sandwich, 15 cents.
Vienna Rolls (Two), With Butter.
10 cents.

Celery, 20 cents. 10 cents. 10 cents. Crackers and cheese, 15 cents. Marmalade, Marmala...
. 15 cents.
Sliced Orange,
15 cents. Oranges, 10 cents. 10 cents.

10 cents. 10 cents. 15 cents. Milk, 10 cents. 15 cents. 20 cents. The following story is clipped from Mun-sey's Weekly, but I scarcely think it could have applied to an Eastern dining or buffet



INTERIOR OF DINER.

car, with their moderate prices and palatable food:
Judge—Did the deceased show any signs of insanity when he entered the dining-car?
Witness—No, sah, He just sat to a table like any one else and gave his ordah.
Judge—Did he order much?
Witness—No, sah: just a light lunch.
Judge—Had he finished eating before he jumped through the window?
Witness—Not quite, sah. I had just ast him if he wanted anything mosh. He said him if he wanted anything mosh. He said him if he wanted anything mosh the glass and broke his neck, sah.
If I am any judge, the diners I saw were far too contented with their meals and the prices charged to attempt anything of the kind.
The dining cars are models of nectness.

ranged squarely with an eye to the comfort of the diners. It has eight tables, seating four each. The seats are roomy, made in embossed leather, the tables are broad and little shelves at the sides of the car, holding salad oil, pickles, vinegar, etc., give added room on the tables. A sheet of plate glass at the head of each table and 16 gas into overhead with reflectors, make the car bright and cheerful. The kitchen is entirely apart and properly enclosed. This car and its fittings cost about \$18,000, and is said to be a model of completeness. Commissary William Porter superintends the wine bin and cellaret, and is kept busy during the whole time of dinner in uncorking and decoating wines, liquors and beers. Four waiters attend to the tables, and have to move lively.

On car 97 they had white waiters; on the

ers attend to the tables, and have to move lively.

On car 97 they had white waiters; on the Thames gentlemen of the colored persuasion did the honors. The train joited as our sketches were being taken, but readers of The Globe will get a good idea of the waiters on duty and off duty from the sketches obtained.

Each dining-car feeds two trains. On the Eastern roads they do not make long runs, such as are made on Western roads, and the victualling is done with great celerity, and the commissariat discipline of these cars is kent up with greatexactness. It often happens that trains are slightly late, but the diners are side-tracked and stand ready to make connections at the regular points, freighted with the good things of life.

Of course there are "kickers." In talking to fellow-passengers, I found that some thought the roads ought to run a 50-cent dinner with a bottle of wine. Another wondered why they couldn't run a beer saloon, My verdict is that considering all things, the three roads between Boston and New York run a meal service which does credit to their enterprise. The meal service, however, will not be complete until, whether as dining or lunch cars, they are run through.

"Why not have a restaurant car, on the European plan?" said a traveller. "Buffet and dining cars are all very well, but they don't fill the whole bill; what is needed is a regular restaurant car, with moderate prices, run the enture journey, so that meals, a la carte, or lunches, sandwiches and snacks of any kind can be had, just when one feels like eating or drinking. It isn't merely the tony, wealthy class of people who should be studied, but those whose means are small, but who would prefer having meals in the restaurant car, even at a slightly increased price, rather than submit to swallowing the indigestible comestibles sold at wavside depots, and bolted in a hurry se as to catch the train. Where 50 a trip now spend 51 for a dinner, 200 or 300 would spend nearly as much during the journey, though, perhaps, not all at once."

Pe

he oranges, etc., which they devoured with



TWO IN A CORNER,

avidity. I think they would have preferred

avidity. I think they would have preferred some nice, freshly opened cysters, some hot soup or a cut of roast meat, a white potato and a bottle of ale or beer.

One incident struck me on the diners. The waiters were en the make. They do like to be "remembered," and the way a waiter reminds a forgetful customer by mancu-vring with the tinger bowl is a revelation. These waiters are artists in their way.

I watched the deep interest my waiters showed in the placing of the bowl exactly in front of me, and the swing of the napkin, as it was made to fall in graceful folds across my left arm, so that I could grasp it easily with my right hand, after bathing my tingers in the fragrant lemon water. If the bowl had borne a card, inscribed "Don't forget the waiter," the hint could not have been more explicit, so I give the quarter, and feel that I have done a pleasant duty.

It would be cruel when a waiter had been mentally calculating and physically gyrating for a tip to disappoint him.

Wouldn't it? JOHN COLLIER. Wouldn't it?

## SETTING GLASS.

Mr. Billiger McSwat Determined to Economize, but He Hasn't Laid Up Many Fortunes Yet.

"I never could see." briskly observed Mr. McSwat, as he leaned a new pane of glass 28x36 carefully against the wall, laid the sash containing the broken pane on the dining-room table, removed his coat, and otherwise cleared the decks for action, "why any man should pay a glazier a \$2 bill for a job of this kind when he can do it himself at a cost of less than half that figure. Hand me that caseknife, Lobelia." Mrs. McSwat complied with his request and he began to dig out the hard putty and bits of broken glass still remaining in the

"These glaziers," he continued, "ain't satisfied with a moderate profit. They want to hog the whole thing. This pane of glass cost me 75 cents, and these three-cornered tin juggers and this lump of putty were thrown in. A glazier could have bought the outfit for 50 cents, and then he'd have made \$1.50 for about 20 minutes' work. Catch me paying any such price! Lobelia, take this putty and work it into-

Mr. McSwat's case-knife had slipped, and his hand had collided violently with a piece of broken glass.
"Billiger, you have cut yourself!" ex-

"Billiger, you have cut yourself!" exclaimed his wife.
"It's nothing, Lobelia," he said. "A man may expect a little scratch or two when he's at work of this kind. This singed putty comes out awful hard. Gol-lee for gosh all snakes! There's another gash. Get me a rag, quick! Don't stand there with your inngers in your mouth. Do you want me to bleed to death right here?"
"Don't work at it any more, Billiger," "Don't work at it any more. Billiger," pleaded Mrs. McSwat. "You'll cut your

the table, digging out hardened putty, pry-ing out splinters of glass, and varying the monotony of the exercise by occasional re-marks of a paroxysmal and incendiary

nature.

At last, however, he had the sash ready for the reception of the glass.

"Lobelia," he called out, "is the putty ready?"

"Lobelia," he called out, "is the putty ready?"

"Of course it is," she replied; "I worked it till it was nice and soft and put it on the table where you could get it when you -O, Billiger! you've knocked it down and trampled it all over my nice rug!"

"It'll washout, Lobelia," said Mr. McSwat. reassuringly. And he gathered up the putty and rolled it into a lump again. "Now I'll put the glass in. Anybody that can't put in a pane of common window glass," he went on, as he lifted the pane and laid it down on the sash, "no matter how big it is, ought to be-"

"It's only a corner, Lobelia. It won't now. I can fix all that so it will—" Crack! "Blame the everlasting dad-squizzled-"

Jingle! "Blank the whole billy-be-dash-blanked Mr. McSwat tumbled the remains of his possible that the habit may affect the shape

Sarony Says It Mars Beauty I am still open for that high position. If You Wear One of Redalbeit I am married. E. F. Burns. in After Life.

Prominent Physician Thinks It Predisposes to the Tobacco Habit.

Copenhagen and Post Office the Other Alarming Results.

Should babies be permitted to suck their thumbs?

Very few mothers, and no men, perhaps, have ever considered the question a very erious one. But it is a serious question all the same, and the sooner the world puts itself in connection with that fact, the better it will be for the future good looks of the present chubby baby faces that produce

light even in the darkest places.
This light-producing quality of the baby has made him the object of numerous harsh epithets. Folks who would not grumble if they felt obliged to stay up past midnight playing "dollar freeze out," and burning expensive gas, will use very emphatic language if they have to devote a candle-light to the baby, when he asks a hearing for an hour or two in the early morning. "Let there be light," is the baby's motto, and he gets there with the gait of an Edison. You boy, or hurl a swear word at him, it's all the same to him. He will not down until the light is brought, and the refractory pin readjusted.

I have been there, and I know whereof I speak. I have been as persistent a baby as ever mangled a sugar plum. I sucked my thumb, too, and am now paying the penalty by being enforced to carry around a mouth two sizes too large.

But it wasn't my fault. Left to my own discretion I should have remained as quiet as a lamb. But folks kept waking me up to see whether my eyes were like my father's or mother's, or to tell me what a handsome child I was. Yes, and when they left the house they told people I

Was a Puny Little Thing and wouldn't live six weeks. I wasn't a big fool then, as i've been since. I knew what was going on all the time, but I concluded not to sav anything about it until now.

And if people didn't keep looking into my outh to see whether I had teeth or not I should never have contracted the habit of sucking my thumb. But what was a baby to do? Let every Tom, Dick and Harry see that I was born without teeth? I guess not. I did what any conscientious baby not. I did what any conscientious baby would have done. I shut my mouth, first putting my thumb in the aperture, so the latter wouldn't fall down my throat. Thus the habit grew on me. Gradually I began to like my thumb, particularly my righthand one. I like it now, that is what's left of it after the fondness I acquired for it when a baby. then a baby.
The only time I found the thumb incon-

when a baby.

The only time I found the thumb inconvenient was when I had just bassed the age of 11, and tried to hold back the hammer of a loaded and primed musket. The thumb didn't go off, but the musket did. It would have been money in my pocket if the thumb went, too, for it only remained to require my dosing it with kerosene and opodeldoc. But before I tried drugs on it I thrust it into my mouth. I guess that was the last time I ever sucked my thumb, for I do not like the taste of either kerosene or opodeldoc. A thumb that has been saturated with them shall never pass my lips.

Sarony, the great New York photographer, says that he has taken pictures of young ladies possessing almost faultless faces, the solitary defect being malformation of the mouth. He is strong in the opinion that in such cases the defect was due to the pernicious habit of thumb-sucking. One lady frankly confessed that her pretty daughter never relinquished the practice

lady frankly confessed that her pretty daughter never relinquished the practice

Until She Was 14 Years Old.

Sarony also says that the injury done the thumb is very slight. The thumb will survive a thousand shocks received while a recreant lad is trying to straighten out a crooked pin with a brick, while the mouth, on the contrary, would get flattened out of existence by such treatment. Teeth, moreover, seldom stand long in the way of a brick.

"I have tried to impress on mothers and nurses." said a doctor friend of mine, "how careless it is to let children indulge in the said.

"Nor I," answered Brent. "But what a strange mistake I made! I thought sure it was you who had died. I did not ence think of its being your adopted mother, for although I knew that her name was Brown, I had never heard that her first name was genery."

nurses." said a doctor friend of mine, "how careless it is to let children indulge in the practice you speak of. But I suppose they find it a convenient way by which to deceive the infant. But such deception does not pay in the end. It is better to be frank with the youngsters. Give them what they call for, and don't try to pass off any spurrous article on them."

That's my idea exactly. I believe it's a sad error to try to impose on a baby. If you've got to impose on anybody, take somebody of your size. When I was six months old, I knew a baby one month my junior who evinced a strong attachment for a big Newfoundland dog that used to drop into his house once in a while. The father objected to the dog's coming in, because the dog's master was of a different political persuasion.

But the dog insisted on visiting, and the

og's master was of a different bothlear persuasion.

But the dog insisted on visiting, and the baby insisted on receiving him. Thus father and baby became slightly estranged. Imagine the former's surprise one day on entering the dining-room to behold the baby on the dog's back, slowly descending the cellar stairs. What could the father do? If he spoke the dog might run and dash the baby to the ground.

If he spoke the dog might run and dash the baby to the ground.

The father held on to his breath.

The baby held on to the dog.

Slowly the descent was made, and in safety. But how was the distracted father to get his child? It he yelled to the deg, the latter, who was afraid of him, might jump through a cellar window and inflict

A Pain on the Baby. It was a moment of korrible suspense. I have often had a curiosity to know how, if ever, the baby was rescued. I was too young at the time to make anything more than a cursory investigation. I have asked several of the oldest inhabitants, but they cannot recall the circumstances. The occurrence seems to have slipped off their memories. Yet it is certain that if the father had not interfered with the baby's attachment for the dog, the horrible dilemma never would have happened.

pleaded Mrs. McSwat. "You'll cut your hands all topieces."

"Who's doing this job?" roared Billiger, as he wrapped his thumb in the bandker-chief his wife had given him. "Stand out of my way!"

For the next half hour he pranced about the table, digging out hardened putty, pry-

She held it some time in deep meditation. She held it some time in deep meditation. Finally she thrust one hand into a pocket and brought up a companion lozenge, which she handed to me. I took it quickly, and on it read the words, "Do you suck your thumb?"

I blushed deeply when I had finished the reading. She saw my embarrassment, and said:

"I didn't mean that, really; but my mother used to say, when we were little.

"I didn't mean that, really; but my mother used to say, when we were little, that we musth't suck our thumbs, for it would make our mouths large. Do you think I minded her?"

I recovered sufficiently to approach closer, that I might give a truthful reply. I confess I was not satisfied with mere ocular proof, but put her mouth to a closer test. I kissed her. I am willing to bet a new hat that I always carried a stock of conversation lozenges after that.

One physician who has a large practice, and who besides is a student of human nature, tells me that his paby

Gets a Whole Fist

Gets a Whole Fist n his mouth now and then. He says he doesn't think it hurts a baby to suck his thumb. On the contrary, he is of opinion that it is good for the gums. He thinks it of the mouth, if practiced for many years. He says the only thing that really makes a

DOES BABY SUCK THUMB? ally was appointed to the position of post- YOU MAY STAY, LADIES, master.
Many a time I wished that I was a man, so that I might be postmaster-general of the United States, and have my pick of the prettiest girls in the land.

TWO MISTAKES:

RIGHT AT LAST.

When John Brent sailed away from home it was with the understanding that as soon as Jenny Brown and he had gathered a thousand dollars together they would be married. He knew that he left her in good hands, for Miss Brown, her adopted mother, was kindness itself.

On the trip home a strange accident hap pened. He rescued a young girl from a Malay pova, and fell, as he believed, desperately in love with her. At this time he thought it was only right to let Jenny know of his change of sentiment. He wrote to or, but received no reply. Time passed and the day came when he

ered Miss Burlyille his love. To his surorise she replied that it was absurd to think such a thing, as he would never be able of such a thing, as he would never be able to support her properly.

From that moment Brent ceased to care for viola. Had she refused him only on the ground of not liking him, the case would have been different, but her selfish, mercenary disposition, as he termed it, was, he concluded, enough to destroy any man's love. He sailed for home and, after a prosperous voyage, he reached his native port.

Ever since Viola had rejected him he had thought much of Jenny Brown: had felt a return of his affection for her, and had resolved to seek her, and, if possible, effect a reconciliation. The veil had, he believed, been lifted from his eyes. Noble Jenny, after all, was the only woman he could ever care for.

care for.
With swift steps he approached the well-known house where he had so often visited her. He sounded the knocker, and the summons was answered by a stranger-a

ange, rosy servant girl.
"I would see Miss Brown," said Brent.
"No one of that name lives here now,"
ras the answer.
"Can you tell me where she has moved.
"" The servants started and looked very

The servants started and looked very solemn.

"Miss Jenny Brown is dead!" she said,
"She died six months age."
Brent turned pale,
"Dead and buried." continued the servant.
"You can see the grave-stone, with her name on it in the village churchyard."
The young man hurried away to hide his emotion. He went to the lonely graveyard, and soon found the modest head-stone bearing the name of his beloved—simply the name, "Jenny Brown," and nothing more.
Bowed with grief, he hung over it.
He remembered, too, how happy she had seemed when, one day, as they were sauntering arm in arm through this very churchyard, she informed him that she had already saved 350 toward the fund for their marriage.

ready saved \$30 toward the fund for their marriage.

He walked away and went to the post office. There was a letter for him in Jenny's hand. He opened it, to find a check on a certain bank for \$50.

"I leave this letter for you," said the writer. "It contains what little money I had saved for our marriage. I do not want the money now. I could not bear to keep it. Believe me, John, it will please me much if you accept it. Take it, and it will help you a little—a very little, perhaps—in your housekeeping with the one you have chosen for your wife. I shall ever pray that you may be happy."

"She was an angel," muttered Brent, in a husky voice.

"She was an angel," muttered brent, in a husky voice.

And, man though he was, the tears rolled down his sun-embrowned cheeks as he walked back to the churchyard.

He took out the check and looked at it again.
"My own dear one," he muttered. "Before she died she must even leave to me her "My own dear one," he muttered. "Before she died she must even leave to me her hard-earned savings. I will take it, but I will add more to it for the purchase of a tombstone worthy of so noble agiri. Oh, Jenny!" he gloaned, "if you could only come back to ne how happy it would make me to tell you how mistaken I was -that you are the only woman I could ever love!"

"John! Dear John!" said a voice near him. And he turned, to see Jenny Brown at his side. him. And he turned, to see at his side.
"I came here to visit my adopted mother's "I came here to visit my adopted mother's "I came here to visit my adopted mother's at his side."

grave," she explained, "and I have over-heard what you said. You say you still

"Yes, and she named me after her when

"Yes, and she named me after her when she adopted me. She was an unmarried lady and felt very lonesome, which was one reason why she took me after my parents died. Before she breathed her last, just six months ago, she requested me to simply put Jenny Brown, and nothing more—neither her age nor the date of her death—upon her headstone." Further explanation followed as the lovers walked toward the house where Jenny now had lodgings.

A month later the two were married. Every day since then Brent thinks he can discover some new virtue in his partner. His love for her increases, and Jenny, while one of the most devoted, is at the same time one of the happiest of wives.

one of the happiest of wives

JAPANESE NEWSPAPERS. Nearly 500 Journals Published in the

Empire. (Rehoboth Sunday Herald. Probably nothing better illustrates the great progress which Japan has made in the last quarter of a century than the 475 newspapers which are now published in the empire. Sixteen of these are issued daily in Tokio. Each officer of the government is obliged to be a subscriber to the government organ, Kwanpo. In 1886 the 403 newspapers consisted of 82 political, 2 milinewspapers consisted of 82 pointest, 2 min-tary, 116 scientific, 88 trade, 38 govern-mental, 21 court, 25 religious, 26 medical and 5 literary journals.—The most impor-tant are those bearing names equivalent to Daily News and Progress. The Tokio Inde-pendent, which was published in several different languages, suspended publication two years ago.

two years ago.

Patti in Denver. [Kansas City Star.] However, if Patti did have a slight weariness during the performance, it wore off the next morning when she picked up the Denver papers and read the comments of the critics, a few of which are herewith ap-

pended:

eastle. Ed Smith, the pugilist, couldn't knock out he opera. Jack Lewis was infatuated with the prem-The girls all wanted to steal the cute little The girls all wanted to steal the cute little dago tenor.
Judge Ward was there. So was the howling fifth ward.
The drinking scene made a good many of the boys thirsty.
Simon Goldman gunned the ballet with his opera glasses.
The chorus looked like a galaxy of peanut stand queens.
Chawley Elson was there with an English accent on his whiskers.
Johnny Black thought he was at a ball game, and yelled when the cantatrice sung "Home, Sweet Home."

Blackmailing in New York. [New York Press.]
"You can send all letters addressed to me

Asported Cakes.

Ostime and Graham Waters.

Fruit.

Quince and Damison Plant Preserves.

Roughert Cheese.

Domestic Cheese.

NeatChatel Cheese.

N to my room," I heard a gentleman say at a prominent hotel yesterday. "Is not

fern's Smoking Jackets.

Tea-Gown of Dablia Bengaline, One of the Great Habitmaker's Best.

Fine Figures Will Show Off Very Well in a Costume of Old Rose Cloth.

What do you suppose is my text this morning, mes amies?
Why nothing less than the cutest, most ewitching of smoking jackets.

other of the dear boys, but for your charming selves, and you needn't pretend to be shocked at the idea. either, for you know in your hearts that you will be delighted at any pretext which will enable you not only to indulge in those delightful little cigar-



From this mock-masculine conceit to the tea gown is quite a transition, but the latter is always in favor, and to its many ad-mirers I herewith give an illustration which cannot fail to please:



Tea Gown of Dahlia B ngaline. Indeed, it is in effect, almost elaborate hough for a demi-toilette, except for its Indeed, it is in effect, almost elaborate enough for a demi-toilette, except for its somewhat neglige turned-over collar.

The main part of the gown is a Bengaline of a light dahlia shade.
On the left side is shewn a portion of a velvet skirt on very dark dahlia, and the deep girdle and sleeveless jacket fronts are likewise of velvet.

A narrow tinsel galloon outlines the jacket and girdle, and the full biouse front is of silk muslin, of a still paler tint than the silk.

A very deep fringe of the three shades.

A very deep fringe of the three shades with here and there a strand of tizsel, falls across the front drapery, and the sleeves have a suggestion of the Japanese in their



Tea Gown of Old Rose Cleth,

My other design is less fanciful, but is well calculated to show off a fine figure.

The material is old rose cloth, with short

under sleeves and a long revers braided in white and gold.

The left side of the waist and the front of the skirt are of rose and white striped surah, with a braided border at the foot.

REDFERN.

ANECDOTES OF BISMARCK.

The Iron Chancellor Not Always Iron-His Friendship for Gen. Sheridan-Glimpses of His True Self.

Bismarck as Bismarck and the chancellor of the German empire were widely different individuals-the one rough, bluff, but at the same time a joke-loving, boon-companion person, even at times bordering upon a hilarious character; the latter a conise, determined, emphatic man of regularity and conscientious duty.
It is his latter character the world best

knows, and pictures him as the "man of iron and blood," but in his true self, the hearty old boy, he is best appreciated and beloved by his friends. Ever a man easy to approach, he has always had a peculiar charm with foreigners, and his sincere efforts to entertain them have caused a vast collection of anecdotes and incidents, in which he figures in a variety of lights.

which he figures in a variety of lights.

The late Gen. Sheridan was at the German headquarters through the best portion of the famous campaign of 1870, and in his memoirs has left a number of entertaining reminiscences of the prince, then simple Count Bismarck, chancellor of the North Germany Confederation.

Gen. Sheridan carried letters from President Grant to both King William and Count Bismarck, meeting with a cordia reception from both. Upon the first day of his arrival at the royal headquarters Count Bismarck, who speaks English fluently, had a long discussion with Gen. Sheridan upon the American people, what they thought of the war and their government, etc. Said he:

In early life my natural tendencies were aaism."
He also would much rather have been a bination Price. soldier than a diplomat, but his persevering family insisted on his being a diplo-When at Rezonville, after the investment

When at Rezonville, after the investment of Metz. Gea. Sheridan, Count Bismarck, the Duke of Mecklenburg and Count Bismarck, the Duke of Mecklenburg and Count Bismarck-Bohlen all had to sleep, for want of b tter quarters, in the lott of a barn, the only means of exress being a rickety ladder and a trap door. There was nothing to eat, and the august company had to "hustle" to get their breakfast. The duke found nothing, but the chancellor got 10 eggs by robbing a neighboring hen roost, which he brought to his companions in high glee. Done Up Carefully in His Cap.

He gave them to his nephew to hold while he hurried away to get some coffee. He returned laughing, having had to capture high-handed and scamper away with a half American Dairyman (new subs)... pound belonging to a peasant. Gen. Sheridan captured four classical bologna sau-

an captured four classical boloma sausages, while Count Bismarck-Bohlen pursioned somewhere two small bottles of wilksey, and from this all four had a high old feast.

The New Redfern Smoking Jacket.
It is of softribbed slik, in any solid color that may be desired, and has a rolled collar, wide cuffs, and patch pocket of oriental brocade, in which some tinsel is woven.

A dashing, military air is given to it by the arrangement of cords and drop loops acroos the front.

The Turkish fee which crowns the curly head, is in silk of the same color as the jacket.

From this mock-masculine conceit to the tea grown is quite a trunsition, but the latted wagons, and, flourisning his weapon over his head, made team after the further should be revolved at the diviver's head. Marching in front of the horse with the pistol in his grasp he successfully cleared a passage, while Count Bismarck-Bohlen pursinges, while Count Bismarck wo small bottles of wild key, and from this all four had a high old feast.

While in a cartiage with the chancellor, who was hurrying from Rezonville to Pont-a-Mousson, the vehicle became stalled in a street jammed with army wagons of all kinds, the drivers of which were death and persuasive. Bismarck was ma a rage, but was equal to the emergency, for taking a pistol from behind his cushion, and telling his weapon over his head made team after to all protestations, however the history of the emergency, for taking a pistol from behind his cushion, and telling his was equal to the emergency, for taking a pistol from behind his cushion, and telling his was equal to the emergency, for taking a pistol from behind his cushio

way. When he resumed his seat, he laughnisty remarked:

"This is not a very dignified business for the chancellor of the German confederation, but it's the only way to get through."

Bismarck was never fond of parade and ostentation, particularly that of a military nature, which characteristic was humorously illustrated when at Chalons. The chancellor had been compelled to take up his quarters in a very small and uncomfortable house. Here his visitor, who describes the scene found him hard at work wrapped up in a shabby old dressing-gown. He was located in a very small room, whose only furniture was a ricketty table and three hard chairs. In answer to a remark concerning his limited was a ricketty table and three hard chairs. In answer to a remark concerning his limited cuarters. Bismarck replied laughingly, that they were all right and he should get along. Even the tramp of his clerks in the attic over his head, or the clanking of his orderlies' sabres below, did not disturb him. In fact, he would have no grievance at all were it not for a guard of Bavarian soldiers stationed about the house—for his safety, he presumed—the sentinels from which in

dysentery.

Bismarck was rather fond of a practical joke. When at Chevenge after the surrender at Sedan, he came to headquarters very thirsty. Several were present in a similar condition, but there was only

A Bottle of Wine Between Them. Seeing the chancellor entering his nephew handed him the as yet untouched flask and asked him to have a swallow. Seizing the bottle Bismarck drained it with the exclamation: "Here's to the unification of Germany." He then handed the bottle to relative, who, after looking ruefully at it, said:
"Sorry we can't return the toast, but
you've left us nothing to bledge with."
"Why, that is so," said the count. "I am
very sorry, but it was so dark I couldn't

see."
At Vetny he showed Gen. Sheridan some French liquor made from cherries known as kirchwasser. a powerful concoction. Sheridan bad, during his life, considerable experience with "tangle foot." but as wallow of this new stuff nearly strangled him, while Bismarck swallowed a big glass of it with much gusto. with much gusto.
Still, on the other hand, on his character as chancellor when dealing in that capac-ity with affairs of state, he was inexorable. ity with affairs of state, he was inexorable.
On the memorable night of Sept. 1, when he listened to the pleadings of Gen.
Wimpffen for generous terms to the French army, he recified in his brusque way.
"Do you tender this sword as the sword of France or of Louis Napoleon?" The humiliated soldier was compelled to sacrifice his master's hoor to save his comrades, and so said krance.

master's honor to save his comrades, and so said France.

Bismarck was leniently inclined toward the defeated nation. He warred against Bonaparte, not France, and after Sedan was satisfied, as he dreaded a republic, and so would have preserved the dynasty, but the army would not have it so. Every wagon was chalked with 'on to Paris,' and for once the man of iron surrendered unconditionally to popular opinion.

In such dealines, while firm, Bismarck was never brutal as was the first Napoleon, when at Campo Formio he so terribly

Frighteued Poor Cobenzi.

Littell's Living Age.

Littell's Living Age.

Magazine American History.

Morth American Review

Nation.

N. Y. Fashion Bazar.

N. Y. Oritic.

N. Y. Uedger.

N. Y. Weekly Post.

N. Y. Weekly Post.

N. Y. Weekly World.

Frightened Poor Coben zl. the Austrian representative, by smashing a ostly vase under foot and intimating that was the way he would serve the empire. When Jules Favre was before the chancellor negotiating terms for the evacuation of France. Bismarck steadily insisted on the enormous indemnity of five milhards.
"Why," exclaimed the poor Frenchman,
"impossible: such a sum does not exist in
the whole world and cannot even be counted.
If a man had begun counting at the birth of
Christ he could not up to this time have Whereupon Count Bismarck quietly pointed to his companion, Commissioner Bleichroder, a Hebrew, said:

"That is exactly the reason why I have brought along with me a gentleman who counts from creation." counts from creation."

Bleichroder didn't know whether to look mad or to smile, the result being such a comical expression that M. Favre had to laugh, and all possible chance of ill feeling.

Popular Science News.

Philadelphia Weekly Times.

Philadelphia Medical Times. laugh, and all possible chance of ill feeling was smoothed over.

Strauss in his "Men Who Have Made the New German Empire" and Dr. Busch in his fascinating memoirs of Prince Bismarck are so full of stories of this "Richeliet of the 19th century" that it would fill several GLOBES to rehearse them. Most of them appertain to the period attending the close and immediately succeeding the French war when Bismarck was the idol of Germany. Even his enemies sang his praise, for when in Strassburg some £600,000 were captured and confiscated as spoils of war, the chancellor compelled the treasury authorities to and confiscated as spoils of war, the chancellor compelled the treasury authorities to restore the whole sum to the municipality of Strassburg, to be devoted to repairing the damage done to private property by the bombardment.

Of recent years, however, he has been a great sufferer from digastive troubles, coupled with the worry the rise of the socialistic party and the internal dangers it threatened the empire, which greatly soured his disposition, and he has been far more irritable than was his natural inclination.

true? Tell me, darling, it is not true." "Is what true?" cried the girl, throwing her whole being into the words. "That you took the first prize in Miss Pardongha's cooking class!" And the cry of agony that came from the girl's pent-up soul showed him that what she had dreaded had come to pass—that he

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And He Never Returned.

[Chicago Figaro.]

"Ethel." he whispered hoarsely, "is it rue?" Tell me, darling, it is not true."

"Is what true?" cried the girl, throwing.

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"Just as soon as a man gets into such a of that intuitive love of right condition that every freedom sets towards which youth begets, refused to yield, duty, then evidently he will need no law and cast his lot with the Libexcept that freedom, and all duty will be erals. Hence BISMARCK's resignation. reached and done."-Phillips Brooks. Well may Berlin go wild with excitement; well may Germany tremble with apprehen-

#### OWN YOUR BOOKS. Mr. GLADSTONE has been recently talking is the first gleam of the light of liberty that

about public libraries. He seems to question in many years has crept in between the

do not get confused; my original quest is monarchs is despotism or flight. blunted or turned aside by the page on page of catalogue matter; my ardor is cooled by the mechanical fussiheat of the room, the lug of an overcoat on one arm, my hat and umbrella under the other, the search for a blank and pencil, the crowding of the man next me, the payment of a fine on the last book overheld, the pert and airy delay of the pretty girl who stands at the gate of knowledge to stamp my card, or, worst of all, the third or stamp my card, or, worst of all, the third or store in the volume I want. So that, if I had an idea burning in my soul when I came in, I depart utterly vexed and wholly out of writing or speaking mood for that forenoon. I must go back to my den and kindle my fires a new. As to sitting down in the library itself, making notes and keeping to men the stations, and other places, many inde men.

If he should mingle with these men he would mingle with these men he would find that they may be divided into two classes—laborers who expect employment that they may be divided into two classes—laborers who expect employment that they may be divided into two classes—laborers who expect employment in the station are piece of wood in the manner reterred to, thus making as happily designated, a fire of ill. This device has been observed in Australia. Kamchatka, Sumatra, and the Carolines, among the Esquimaux and Indian tribes of Magellan. It was also employed by the ancient Mexicans, and Mr. Taylor gives a quaint picture of the operation from Mexicans and single of many skilled mechanics stand amblessly about because they have not had the opportunity to learn some trade for which they are adapted.

This simple meft of route rapidly in a round hole in the station. It is stated of rubbing the movable stick backward and forwar!, other tribes make it rotate rapidly in a round hole in the station. It is stated of rubbing the rotate rapidly in a round hole in the station. All the classification are processed to wood in the manner reterred to thus making, as happily designated. A fire fail the care in the spring, when work of one two classes -labores who expect employment in the station and such as the pr the library itself, making notes and keeping to my idea in that publicity, with me it is wholly out of the question. Perhaps it is my want of concentration. Perhaps, server; for among them he would see many ter's centre bit." In other cases the rotation is elected by means of a cord or throng takes "an elastic stick about 18 inches long, "an elastic stick about 18 inches long, and then in the hole of a piece of wood, and then rapidly turns the curved part like a carpent ter's centre bit." In other cases the rotation is elected by means of a cord or throng and stakes. moreover, if I were a statistician only seeking names and dates, or, on the other hand, an idle man, bent only on passing an hour over a novel indoors rather than on the park benches, I could read in a public library. But if my author is to kindle me library. But if my author is to kindle me living society does little or nothing.

Server; for among them he would see many more many youths whose future seems anything but hopeful. As far as teaching its youth book learning is concerned, society does much of its duty; but in the equally important matter of teaching them how to make an honest living society does little or nothing.

"Twenty per cent, of the men engaged in seems anything but hopeful. As far as teaching its youth book learning is concerned, society does much of its duty; but in the equally important matter of the action is effected by means of a cord or throng wound around the drill and pulled alternately by this end and that. A further advance was made by some North American plains, who appear to have applied the principle of the bow drill, and the still more ungenious pump drill was used by the froguency for the park benches, I could read in a public library. But if my author is to kindle me living society does little or nothing.

"Twenty per cent, of the men engaged in seems of a cord or throng wound around the drill and pulled alternately by this end and that. A further advance was made by some North American place was made by some North American places. The property of the park benches, I could read in a public library. But if my author is to kindle me library in the first of the men engaged in the many points are made by the drill and pulled alternately by this end and that. A further advance was made by some North American places are made by some hour or material principle of the bow drill, and the still more principle of the bow drill, and the still more principle of the bow drill, and the still more principle of the bow drill, and the still more principle of the bow drill, and the still more p

library. But if my author is to kindle me and inspire me with suggestion for any original added work or word, my dull head must be more solitary, my ears less assalled. If you buy your own book it is at least clean; it brings no infection to your dwelling. Is there anything more delightful than the fragrance of the new book as you crack it open as flowers open to the gaze of daybreak? And the sense of proprietorship prevents all hurry. You have it. There it rests on your table, patient for your convenience. You may lay it down to think for an hour with no impertinent voice whispering: "Hurry up! My turn next." It is this thinking over a book which is the way we "take the little book and the seems to say: "Lay me down is really skilled or nothing.

"Twenty per cent. of the men engaged in mechanical industries," said a prominent mechanics: the other engaged in the mechanics: the mechanics: the other said a prominent by these instruments we must r fer the reader to Mr. Taylor's valuable chapter in his "Reseaches."

These methods of producing fire are but rarely used in Europe, and only in connection with superstitious observances. We trace that some time ago the authorities of a Mecklenberg village ordered a wild fire to be lighted against the murrain among cattle. For two hours they strove vainly to obtain a spark, but the fault was not ascribed to the quality of obtain a spark, but the fault was not ascribed to the quality of obtain a spark, but the fault was not ascribed to the quality of obtain a spark, but the fault was not ascribed to the quality of obtain a spark, but the fault was not ascribed to the quality of obtain a spark, but the fault was not ascribed to the quality of obtain a spark, but the fault was not ascribed to the quality of obtain a spark, but the fault was not ascribed to the quality of obtain as park, but the fault was not ascribed to the quality of obtain as park, but the fault was not ascribed to the quality of obtain as park, but the fault was not ascribed to the quality of obtain as pa Your own book, marked and leaf turned down, will sometimes stand a year on the themselves with teaching green boys.

ics and their foremen do not want to bother a native of the Golden State, "that a man down, will sometimes stand a year on the down, will sometimes stand a year on the themselves with teaching green boys. shelf all disused. But you know where to It is for this class of boys that a public in his field discovered the next year a fine

sing with your friend about Rome. "What accordingly. The tendency of such a sysdid Dickens write about the Colosseum? tem would be toward placing youths where Dear, dear! I got it out of the public they can do the most good for themselves library. I have no Dickens of my own." and society. And the people would be re-You sit and read and charm yourself with a the system; for who can estimate the prespleasure far more exquisite than when you ent loss to society in the waste of the genius first perused it.

quire the habit of "hanging round" book-

stores, which cultivates a man as the face

one reads reviews who does not buy books;

library is the severest reproach on many a

sordid home among the mere moneygetters.

In fact one would, but for the overgrowth

of which the illustrious Englishman com-

plains, as soon think of borrowing cradles

world has a place for him and his books.

THE REVOLUTION IN GERMANY.

"BISMARCK resigns." Two words so

raught with moment to European politics

that nothing has equalled them in import

since WILLIAM of Prussia, furious at the

insults offered him by the French emperor

WILLIAM upon that July day, proved to be

so the resignation of the "Man of Iron and

Blood" from the ruling place in a state

built on oppression, heralds, we may con-

fidently hope, the approach of popular

The resignation of BISMARCK from the

long-contemplated release from the burdens

of state, but an angry protest from the head centre of the reactionary party against any

attempt to ameliorate the condition of the

liberty in the Fatherland.

RANDOLPH HILL.

edge and culture.

and powers of so many of its members? There is no greater error than to sup. For a people not to provide their youth pose that a mere reading of all the with the means of obtaining an industrial Delighted Women, However, Learn Elepages of a book once exhausts it. It is education is indeed a costly negligence; a Postage prepaid.

The Weekly Globe-By man, \$1.00 per year. the fortieth reading that affords the negligence that leaves 80 per cent, of our finest flavor of pleasure. Slowly yet mechanics fair or indifferent workmen; a surely, even with painful economy you negligence that leaves great numbers of always be worth the investment to you. best part of their lives; a negligence that You will learn how to select. You will sell tends to make tramps or convicts out of some books as years pass, but some will many once promising boys. always be dear as life to you. You will ac-

EDITORIAL POINTS.

of a friend sharpeneth the face. You will The Governor of Louisiana displays commendable manhood in returning a check read reviews and learn to be on the watch for \$100,000 sent by the Louisiana Lottery for the newest and latest in thought. No Company to help pay the late flood damages. The worst cynic must admit that yet reviews are often now-a-days the ripest in such acts our politics are seen to be not thought in a newspaper. Your home will be altogether lost to the sense of clean money. perfumed by your library. Flowers on a

Reports of the horrors of the Siberian table are not so asthetic. The lack of the exile system continue to come in daily. We understand that a movement is on foot to give expression in Boston to the popular detestation of these strocities. Inhumanity, in this age of national intercommunication, has become the whole world's business.

and eating dishes as the few masterful The celebrated TICHBORNE case is to be books that underlie present human knowlthat £150,000 have been subscribed towards the expenses of the trial by persons who "I am a young man, living in a boardingstill believe him to be the rightful heir. ouse. A library would be an incumbrance." What a pudding for the english lawyers! To which I reply: A young man with a

ibrary will prove irresistible. He will soon have a local habitation and a name. He will outgrow his boarding-house. The platform. Here is a pretty strong hint for Uncle Sam to speak right up and pop the

> A "general European war" is again an-nounced to be "inevitable." Hence the outlook for peace is bright.

HENRY S. IVES, the celebrated NAPOLEON of finance, paid \$250 a week for board in Ludlow street fail. In the language of the through its creature BENEDETTI on that play, he had "all the comforts of home."

memorable day of July 15, 1870, ordered him from his presence and maugurated the than the Prince of WALES made haste to pay fearful struggle between the two giants of court to his imperial nephew in Berlin. oppression, Germany and Louis NA- The prince understands the wisdom of not making too free with your friend's gate till POLEON, which resulted in the dawn of he has called off his big dog. freedom to a people cruelly robbed of it years before. As the brief utterances of

Statistician Dodge says that we import annually \$240,000,000 worth of agricultural oducts that could be produced here; but he shows at the same time that if they were duced the transportation companies would get it all.

The United States army, all told, numbers some 30,000 men, or about threefourths of the number quartered in Berlin alone. It costs something to keep a little chancellorship of the German empire is no emperor with a big head.

HOW FIRE IS OBTAINED.

Every One Cannot Produce It by Rubbing Two Sticks Together.

victims of military despotism. Slaves [New York Sun.] bound are the only slaves compliant. The One of the first things every child learns iron chancellor understands this. In his about fire is that certain savage races produce it by the rubbing of two sticks. Dedetermination to maintain the throne lightfully simple as the description of the he has always fought bitterly the slightest process is, any one who has tries to pertendency towards the elevation of popular form the operation will certify that it is by no means an easy one, and individualism. Seeing in the late elections the spectre of free institutions sweeping very likely will afterward declare fervently away the political fabric of his building, he Many travellers have tried under the most demanded further oppression, heavier auspicious circumstances - in countries chains, more exiles and larger prisons. The where the production of fire in this manner young Kaiser, apparently with something s in every-day use, with a grinning native to cose the weapons and give a practical exhibition of his own skill-and after many oint and muscle-aching experiments have eiven up the attempt in a state of mind ordering on temporary insanity. "We ourselves," writes a traveller, "have

been successful just often enough to under-stand the uncertainty of the operation." in the first place judgment is required in choosing the sticks. The immense variety sions of unknown events to come. For this Mr. Gladstone has been recently talking about public libraries. He seems to question the utility of the modern signatic storehouse of books.

It is time some one called attention to this form of bibliomania among English-speaking peoples. Here in Boston, for instance, a palace is slowly climbing heavenward, the most magnificent and costly building in the city, which is to be the home of the book. This devotion to books could be praised and the Legislature and city commended for the Legislature and city commended for the valuable and helpful volumes. But it certainly does mean just that.

Let me say to you, young man or woman, begin at once the foundation of your own library? You often ask professional men like myself, "How do you use the public library?" I, for one, must reply that I never have yet learned how, though I have haunted them all my life. I never go into a public library? It for one, must reply that I never have yet learned how, though I have haunted them all my life. I never go into a public library that I do not get confused; my original quest is parts of the world are various. One of the simplest is with the stick and groove, a blunt-pointed stick being run along a groove blunt-pointed stick being run along a groove of its own making in a piece of wood lying on the ground. in Tabiti Mr. Darwin saw a native produce fire in a few seconds, but only succeeded himself after much labor. This device is employed in New Zealand, the Sandwich Islands, Tonga, Samoa, and the Radack islands.

Instead of rubbing the movable stick backward and forwar!, other tribes make it

[Texas Siftings.]
"The soil of California is so fruitful," said

"That's nothing to my State," said a na-

forest of telegraph poles."

COSTLY NEGLIGENCE.

If an observer will take a stroll abou ness of getting what I thought I Boston and the other cities and large wanted. My ideality is broken down by the towns of the State, he may find at street heat of the room, the lug of an overcoat on corners, railread stations, and other places,

worth seems to say: "Lay me down chances are that unless he is of unusual now and take me up again after you have perseverance he can never obtain the dreamed over what I said on such a page." | chance to learn it well; for master mechan-

find what you want. As time goes on one industrial school system is much needed. day you spring out of your chair exclaiming. "I have read something on this point." A little practical instruction would develop
ing. "I have read something on this point." a boy's taste to such an extent that if he
lives there lost a button off his jacket, and
in less than a month he found a brand-new Oh. I have it. It is in such and such a volume. See! Here it is!" You are conver- one he is best adapted for, and be taught spot."

THE GOSPEL OF GRACE But you have a Byron. You pull it out, paid for the extra burden of maintaining Expounded with But One Man in the Hall.

gance from a Fair Model.

Taught How to Walk, Stand, Sit and Carry Themselves Generally.

Miss Mabel Jenness, the graceful apostle of physical culture and beauty, entertained an audience of ladies in Hardman Hall on the subject of "Correct and Elegant Carriage," says the New York Sun. One man interloper managed to find his way into this miniature Adamless Eden, and was re-warded for his audacity by seeing a fault-lessly moulded, physically perfectspecimen of womanhood, with a soul above making absurd distinctions between the different

of womanhood, with a soul above making abourd distinctions between the different extremities with which divine providence has endowed mankind, dressed in a most charming gymnasium costume.

The conventional dress devoted to athletic exercises is so hideous that one can easily appreciate the delicacy which women display about admitting men to the rites and ceremonies of their gymnasiums. But this was an arosuc and dainty affair of softest silk in pink and gold. A little accordion plaited skirt hung in graceful fulness just below the knee, where pink stockings and shoes of gleaning golden leather encased what Miss Jenness insists on calling legs and feet, instead of "lower extremities." In a most refreshing, envaging manner, A voke of gold surrounded the throat, and from it fell a full-gathered blouse, caught in a the waist with a golden girdle tied in a bow, with long depending

formula for a correct and graceful attitude in walking, and another and quite a different thing to see a woman with exquisitely-modelled feet and ankles, done up in pink hose and gold shoes, show you how to take it. Still, the simple, practical talk on a graceful walk and how to attain it contained many interesting ideas.

graceful walk and how to attain it contained many interesting ideas.

The heels of those shining shoes, for they had heels and buttoned over a high arched instep, were close together, the toes well se arated and turned outward, the abdomen drawn in, the hips thrown back, the chest well raised, the chin drawn in, and the head proudly lifted. To hold it every muscle of the body was on the alert and doing its share of the work energetically, and the weight resting on the balls of the feet. Then the lecturer gave the incorrect position, so often seen as to need no description, and quite the reverse in every way of the one just explained, which she called the indolent position, and which she believes to be the cause of half the woes and ills the fiesh of womankind is heir to.

"I am not here to wage war on corsets," the lecturer said, "but I want to say this, that I have no sympathy with a woman whose waist grows larger on leaving off her corsets, for she allows her body to settle and the muscles to expand through sheer indolence. There is a lady in the audience who has reduced her waist measure two inches since last August, and at the same time increased her bust measure an equal amount by going without corsets and raising her chest. Of course the sensation is painful at first, but speedily becomes easy and delightful. You walk awkwardly at first, too, because you are conscious. No one can be graceful who is self-conscious, but once train the muscles to work correctly and easily and you will be

Graceful All Unconsciously." Graceful All Unconsciously."

Through the kindness of a round-should ered lady in the audience she illustrated how prominent shoulder blades are reduced how prominent shoulder blades are reduced and flattened, simply by holding up the chest and allowing the shoulders and arms to relax. She further explained that correct walking consisted in stepping so that the heel should fall upon the ground at nearly the same time as the toe, and always in a line with the toe, but with the weight of the body falling on the ball and the chest leading so prominently that a line dropped thence to the toe would fall to the toe, while a line dropped from the chest of the person who walks incorrectly would strike the instep. Again, the disagreeable curve at the back of the neck in a person who stoops will disappear by lifting the chest and drawing in the chin, while another desirable curve makes itself visible at the bottom of the waist in the back. Bustles are out of fashion, but Miss Jenness has a very noticeable one, of which she is pardonably proud, and which she cannot take off at the manders of fashion.

Her heart, and alas, O! what bitter tears blur Her eyes as she envies proportions more scant, And knows she must either go under or bant. For when beauty develops a double chin It's goodby to the hearts she was wont to win Alas and alack! there's no doubt about that, It's all over with her but for anti-fat!

The sentiment of this tender bit of verse Interest of instance of the second symbol of the second symbol of the second symbol of the second symbol of reflecting the argument of the Bostonese poet is to quote a current news item which has

been sent to the newspapers of the world as follows:
The city of Halifax and town of Windsor, Nova Scotia, are contending over their fat women. Windsor has mamed four whose weight amounted to 1054 pounds and Halifax has trotted out four who weigh 1066 pounds. Cape Breton can beat this. A Mrs. Houlet of West Bay tips the scale at 380 and a Mrs. McLeod of Mirat at 240.
The hardy, robust dames of Cape Breton and Halifax it seems are not stirred with bitter thoughts as they take on more and spose proportions; nor do Windsor beauties feel alarm when they develop double chins. They glory in their fat, and look with disdain upon their lean and scrawny neighbors. The Boston poet should take observations outside of Boston, where emaciated leanness is at a premium and chalk and pickles are the favorite diet, before he incubates another poem upon the characteristics of the comely sex.



Furniture Polish Receipts.

To the Editor of The Globe: In answer to the request of "Young Housekeeper" for furniture polish, let her take one quart raw lin-seed oil. a little more than one gilf orange shellac, and four ounces alcohol; mix, shake well, and apply with a finnel rag, then rub with a dry one. I will she ever saw, and, if kept air tight, enough to last an ordinary household one year.

After using cherry stain use varnish. W. s. c,

Will Beautify the Complexion.

To the Editor of The Globe:
In answer to "W. W." in regard to "black heads, rill guarantee the following a remedy which never ils: Lather the face with strong, common scap noroughly rubbing into the skin; after which bath n very hot water, afterwards in cold water. Hal wipe, and then rub the face vigorously as they do in the Turkish bath. The dead skin will rub off, black heads with it. A little vaseline, or anything in that line, applied on retiring will prove beneficial. Continue this once a day for a week. MRS. B. F. W.

Obnoxious Hogs. My neighbor has a half dozen hogs and lets them at large. They come through his fence on to my premises and damage property. I have notified him several times to keep them away. What can 1 do to compel him to keep them off.

The Canadian Liberals have adopted "unrestricted commercial intercourse with the United States" as the chief plank in their platform. Here is a restricted to the chief plank in their platform. Here is a restricted to the chief plank in their platform. Here is a restricted to the chief plank in their platform. Here is a restricted to the chief plank in their platform. Here is a restricted to the chief plank in their platform. Here is a restricted to the chief plank in their platform. Here is a restricted to the chief plank in their platform. Here is a restricted to the chief plank in their platform. Here is a restricted to the chief plank in their platform. Here is a restricted to the chief plank in their platform. The canadian Liberals have adopted "unrestricted to the chief plank in their platform to the chief plank in their platform. The canadian Liberals have adopted "unrestricted to the chief plank in their platform to the chief plank in their platform. The canadian Liberals have adopted "unrestricted to the chief plank in their platform to the chief plank in their platform. The canadian Liberals have adopted "unrestricted to the chief plank in their platform to the chief plank in their platform. The canadian Liberals have the animals get on to your part to keep up suitable fence you can have the animals get on to your part to keep up suitable fence you can have the animals get on to your part to keep up suitable fence you can have the animals get on to your part to keep up suitable fence you can have the animals get on to your part to keep up suitable fence you can have the animals get on to your part to keep up suitable fence you can have the animals get on to your part to keep up suitable fence you can have the animals get on to your part to keep up suitable fence you can have the animals get on to your part to keep up your fence are all right you can have the animals get on to your part to keep up your fence are all right your fe If the animals get on to your land through any neg age they have done before he can obtain them. It you have posted a notice on your premises forbid ing the owner to allow the animals to trespass. our land, the owner can be punished by fine n xceeding \$10.

"Postal Card Dunns." Some weeks ago you replied to "L." that "unle busive language was used" he could not be pros ited for asking for money on a postal card. last Monday's series of replies you tell "H. M.
7." that dunning for money by postal card is un-allable. It seems to me that there is a conflict beween the replies, and I ask you to explain. Dun,

Hardly. I do not think that a person renders him self liable to an action for asking the payment of a bill on a postal card, if done in proper language; at the same time the United States postal laws prohibit he mailing of such cards, but there is no penalty

Answer to "W. J. S." You will have to pay all you owe up to time you

One Year; Employer Not Liable. How long is it necessary to keep money that is ound and advertised? Can the owner at any time old me responsible for it after doing as I have one? Will they hold my employer responsible, it eing found on his premises?

M. B.

Divorced in Another State. If a man should go out of the State of Massachu etts and get a divorce could he come back to the

Not if he went out especially to get a divorce; it

1 and 2, No. 3, Yes. 1. Does a boy, born under an English flag, of American parents, have to be naturalized to become . If my parents coming to this country shortly

fter my birth, and my father becoming a citizen, d after becoming 21 years old become a citizen? 3. Can an alien be compelled to pay poll tax?

Answer to J. C.

"Well, what of it?"
"What of it?" Nothin', only I put a hunk
of gum on that extra chair in the parlor before he came, and it's still there this morning. That's all."

[Detroit Free Press.]

It was on the rear platform of a street car
as a crowd was going home from the
theatre,
"Let's see." mused a many thousand."

Appropriate Selection.

wish to say that we have in the church

wish to say that we have in the church treasury already two quarts of nickels that appear to have been punched through and afterwards plugged with lead. These coins. I am informed will not buy stamps, groceries or fuel, and conductors on street cars refuse to take them. The choir will please sing, 'O, Land of Rest, for Thee I Sigh.'" Soft and Sweet. (Philadelphia Times.) What an exquisite pretty compliment a West Philadelphia 5-year-old boy paid his young aunt a few evenings ago as he kissed her good nigh! "Auntie," said the ap-

preciative little tot, "your mouth is just like a marshmallow!" Queen Victoria as a Colonel.

onel, and Angeli is coming over to Windsor her majesty, which she intends to present to them. The Queen ought properly to be painted in the colors of the regiment, with as many of the accoutrements as a lady can wear, but I suppose that she will insist on being represented in her usual black and white, with the orders of the Garter, Black Eagle and Louise of Prussia.

PERMITTED TO EXPECTORATE. Privilege of a Gamin Capitalist Who

Bought a Twc-Cent Cigar. bad habits of their eves were riveted upon a box of "cabbare leaf" cheroots which were labelled "two cents each." "Soy. Chimme," said the taller arab, "I tink I cud injoy a bloody good smoke just

"Why, ter buy wan of dem air cheroots, in course."

"Well, but I wanter smoke, too."

"N so co I."

"How kin the both of us do it?"

"I'll tell yer wot tu do. Yer must give me de two cents an we'll orgernize a stock company. Yer see you is de capit'ist. I'm de inventer; so yer giv der coin ter me, deu I buys de cigar an yer becomes a stockholder. See?"

"Yas."
"An' yer smokes it, don't yer?"
"Yas. but don't yer see. I'm de orgernizer, so in course I smokes de cigar."
"What'll I do?"
"Why, you're de stockholder, yer kin spit. See."

Chimmie evidently couldn't see, for he drove both hands deep down in his pockets and started up the street whistling "Little Annie Rooney." while the schemer looked sadly and sorrowfully at the cheroots in the store window, then turned away.

FISH THAT ARE PROLIFIC. The Roe of One Codfish Contained

9,444,000 Eggs. [Buffalo Commercial.] According to naturalists a scorpion will

produce 65 young, a common fly will lay 144 eggs, a leech 150 and a spider 170. A produce 65 young, a common fly will lay 144 eggs, a leech 150 and a spider 170. A hydrachna produces 600 eggs and a frog 1100. A female moth will produce 1100 eggs and a tortoise 1000. A gall msect has laid 50,000 eggs, a shrimp 6000 and 10,000 have been found in the ovary of an ascaris. One naturalist found over 12,000 eggs in a lobster, and another over 21,000. An insect very similar to an ant (Mutilla) has produced 80,000 eggs in a single day, and Leuwenhoe-k seems to compute 4,000,000 as the crab's share. Many fishes produce an incredible number of eggs. More than 36,000 have been counted in a herring, 38,000 in a smelt, 1,000,000 in a sturgeon, 342,000 in a roach. 3,000,000 in a sturgeon, 342,000 in a roach. 3,000,000 in a perch. and 1,357,000 in a flounder. But of all the fishes ever yet discovered the cod seems to be the most prolific. One maturalist computes that this fish produces more than 3,685,000 eggs, and another as many as 9,444,000. A rough calculation has shown that were 1 per cent of the eggs of the salmon to result in full-grown fish, and were they and their progeny to continue to increase in the same ratio, they would in about 60 years amount in bulk to many times the size of the earth. Nor is the salmon the most prolific of species. In a yellow perch, weighing 3½ ounces, have been counted 3943 eggs and in a smelt, 10½ inches in length, 25,141. An interesting experiment was made in Sweden in 1761 by Charles F, Lund. Be obtained from 50 female beream 3,100,000 young, from 100 female perch 3,215,000 young, and from 100 female perch 3,215,000 oung and from 100 female mullets 4,000,-

HOW A CHROMO IS MADE.

An Interesting Process with Which Few People Are Familiar.

And the statistics of the statistic services of the statistic services and the statistic services are statistic services as a statistic services are statistic services as a statistic services are statistic services as a statistic services are statistic [Nashville Times.]
We see tens of thousands of chromos,

on the rail ng to the one on his left, "have

we been introduced?"

"Before we take up the collection this morning," remarked the good pastor, as he looked mildly over the congre ation, "I wish to say that we have in the church

Dangerous Pets.

"If Britannia rules the sea," said Marlow. "there's one thing she ought to be made to do right off." 'What's that?" "Put muzzles on the sharks."

Only a Genuine Friend Can Do It. A woman's idea of a true friend is one who will admire her children just as much as she does herse!f.

HOW TO MAKE MONEY.

That is the question. You can make some money—more than you have any idea of—by getting subscribers to The Weekly Globe. It gives the largest commission ever paid on a dollar weekly. Sene for new rates.

The pupils in regular attendance at the Two little bootblacks stood looking wistfully into the show window of a cigar store yesterday afternoon. They were typical street arabs, with all the tough ways and bad habits of their class. They wanted to be an exact fac-simile of a blackberry, has excited not a little interest fully into the show window of a cigar store yesterday afternoon. They were typical street arabs, with all the tough ways and bad habits of their class. They wanted to flamande, brown fricassee of veal, parsnip the parson of Morgan the parson of Morgan in the parson of the party in the parson of Morgan in the parson of Morgan in the parson of Morgan in the parson of the party in the part fritters, coffee charlotte russe and biscuit.

Halibut Steak a la Flamande. Wipe a slice of halibut, butter a pan; sprinkle with 1 tablespoonful chopped now."
"I'm wid yer." replied Chimmie, smacking his tips in anticipation of a cigar.
"But yer see, de on'y trouble wid me is dat
I'm plumb broke."
"Is dat so? Well. I've got two cents.
"Giy it ter me, den."
"What fur?"
"Why, ter buy wan of dem air cheroots, in course."

Course." and I tablespoonful lemon juice and I tablespoonful butter; bake 30 minutes.
One half of a medium-sized onion is a sufficient quantity. Either brush over with butter before putting on the seasoning or put little bits of butter all over it.

Bollan aise Sauce, Cream ½ cup butter, add the volks of 2 raw eggs, the juice of ½ lemon, 1 saltspoonful salt and 1/4 saltspoonful cayenne. Then add 1/2 cup boiling water and cook until

"Yas," responded Chimmie, doubtfully.
"But how does dat ben fit me any? You has de cigar, doesn't yer?"
"An' yer smokes it, don't yer?"
"Yas, but don't yer see, I'm de orgernizer, so in course I smokes de cigar."

Cut a slice of veal into pieces suitable for serving. Season with salt and pepper. Brown in salt pork fat. Put them into a Brown in salt pork fat. Put them into a stewpan, and cover with a brown gravy. Simmer 30 minutes.

'This is a simple and nice way of preparing yeal. It amounts to the same thing as frying it. Remove the fat. The piece of yeal used is what is usually known as the yeal cutlet, but, if yery particular, it is best to call definitely for the shoe from the leg. If there are any irregular pieces they can be used by skewering them with a wooden toothpick. Season with salt and pepper.

Brown Gravy. Brown 1 tablespoonful butter, add 2 table spoonfuls flour, and pour on slowly 1 pint hot water. Add 2 tablespoonfuls mushroom catsup, ½ tablespoonful Worcestershire sauce. I teaspoonful salt and I saltspoonfu

pepper.
The fat may be used for this instead of browning the butter. In browning butter it should be browned well. The seasoning may be varied by the addition of half a cupful of strained tomato. A pint of stock may be added to this, but is not needed. Parsaip Fritters.

Remove the skins from hot parsnips mash, add 1 tablespoonful butter, 1 tea-spoonful salt, 1 saltspoonful pepper, Make into tiat cakes, roll in flour and fry brown in hot batter.

Take four parsnips and cover with boiling water and a little salt.

Biscuit.

Pint flour, 2 teaspoonfuls baking powder

teasponful salt. Sift all together. Rul

in I teaspoonful butter. Mix into a soft Bake in a hot oven 10 or 15 minutes.

The biscuits are served with the fricassee. It is a breakfast dish. Use pastry four. Use a good tablespoonful of butter and rub it in with the fingers. The best made biscuits baked in a poor oven will be failures. They should bake from ten to 15 minutes. The milk used should be very cold. Add the milk a little at a time and make it not too stift. The amount used varies according to the flour. Flour having more gluten will absorb more milk. It usually takes about one-half a cup of milk. Use as little flour on the board as possible. These are nice made as twin biscuits. Cut one-half an inch tick, butter and put two together in the baking pan. Bake in a hot oven 10 or 15 minutes.

Coffee Charlotte Russe. Sweeten and flavor 1 pint thick cream with coffee. Beat stiff with the egg beater Soak 1 tablespoonful gelatine in 1 table

protect a ewelry store in Denver against It Has Original Features that

In Austria, the pay is the same as in France, \$5 a day. In Greece, the senators get \$100 per month and the deputies \$50. In France, members of each house receive the same, \$5 per day.

the same, \$5 per day.

In Germany, members of both houses receive about \$2.50 per day.

In Denmark, the members of the Landsthing each receive about \$3.75 a day.

In Belgium, each member of the Chamber of Representatives gets \$85 a menth.

In Portugal the peers and commons are paid the same sum, which is about \$335 a year.

S1.50.

In Italy the senators and deputies are not paid at all, but they are allowed travelling expenses and certain other privileges.

England is the only country where members of Parliament are not only unpaid, but have no special rights or privileges whatever.
In the United States of America the members of both branches of Congress receive the same amount of pay, namely, \$5000 per

annum. In sweden the members of the Diet re-ceive \$330 for a session of four months, but

they have to pay a fine of \$3 for every day's In Norway the members of the Storthing receive \$3.50 per day during the session, which usually lasts about six weeks, but which has been extended to that many

MR. KITTREDGE'S BIRTHMARK

It is a Highly Sensitive Fish, and Suggests Food He Never Can Eat. The publication in a recent issue of the

Times of a description of the singular birthmark borne by a young man, which in question in the person of Morgan Kittredge, who is quite well known in the eastern section of the city. Though reluctant to have his name mentioned, Mr. Kittredge was persuaded to exhibit his curious birthmark, and finally to talk about it, giving the following description of what may truly be called a freak of nature.

"It lies on my right thigh and is the image of a fish, perfect in every respect, even to the scales." he said "and is of a dead white color, like the meat of a brook trout. It causes me no pain or inconvenience except when I attempt to eat fish of any description, when it will begin to ache and burn until I am obliged to make use of an emetic. in question in the person of Morgan

"The elieve that, were I to persist in eating fish, death or madness would be the result, for after every attempt I have made my curious mark remains red and irritable for days. When in a bath, however, it will throb and quiver almost as if it were alive, and so as to be rereept ble to the eye. It is nearly four inches long, and rises a quarter of an inch above the surrounding flesh, from which it is quite distinct, as if merely laid upon it. It lies head downward with the tail slightly elevated as if floundering, and the ins are distended.

"The fish is perfectly distinct, only the eye is missing, being only represented by a small pit. I know of no reason for the mark, but, while there does not seem to be a particle of blood in the mass. I believe it to be closely connected with my vitality, for whenever I am ill it takes on a pallid, livid hue, and seems to shrink."

A Talking Canary.

A rare curiosity is owned here by Miss Ida tain canary which talks. It was brought to its present home at about the time a young its present home at about the time a young parrot was purchased. The two birds have been in their respective cages, side by side always, and while the parrot has caught some of the singing notes of the canary, the latter has learned to enunciate plainly from its feathered friend. It has learned thus far only two sentences, which are "Sweet little Dicky bird!" and "Oh, poor Billy!" but they are spoken with startling distinctness and proper intonation.

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the taste of women in all matters relating to good breeding, personal accomplishments and care of their family and home. BECAUSE THE GLOBE includes the best features of a Boys and Girls' Own Weekly. Frances Hodgson Burnett, author of "Little Lord Fauntleroy," with other famous Ameri-

Ladies' Household Companion, to cultivate

can authors, give, every week, the most healthful and helpful reading matter. BECAUSE THE GLOBE never contains a line to offend the Religious or Political Belief of any reader, and seeks in every way to extend a good influence in the homes of its

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year.
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THE WEEKLY CLOBE.

BOSTON.

an emetic.
"I believe that, were I to persist in eating



His Bungling Apology.

[Chicago Tribune.] Miss Kajones—It's all over between Mr. Hankinson and me, Irene.
Miss Garlinghouse - Did you have a quar-

N-ot-exactly. He impudently snatched a kiss the last time he called—that's all."
"You resented the liberty, of course?"
"Certainly I did."
"And didn't he apologize properly?"
"No! He—he said it shouldn't happen again."

A Good Example [April Lippincott's.]
Indignant servant (complaining to mistress)—Th' haythen kissed me. Mistress-How dare you do such a thing,

John?
Jehn-Master he say, "John, you try make
good man allee same white man. You do
allee same like me." Me do allee same like
mester. Hab girl kinkee master; llish girl kickee.

Waiting to Get a Pass.

Russell Sage was recently asked whether he had ever been in Europe. "No," he replied, "but I must go some day. However, I suppose people there are the same as they are here." It seems to methat if Russell intends to go abroad he had better make haste, for he is already 73 years old. It is to be feared, however, that this possessor of 40 to 50 million dollars will back out when he begins to figure up the cost of a trip to Europe.

New York's Latest Idea.

Mrs. Longhed Bakstreet — Didn't your brother Henry's second wife have a cousin whose sister-in-law lives in Chicago?
Longhed Bakstreet—I think so. Why?
Mrs. Longhed Bakstreet—Well, it strikes me't would be a good plan to find out where she lives and invite her to spend a week with us. Then, after the fair opens, we can take all the children and go to Chicago for a good long visit. See?

Accent on the "Gentlemen." [Detroit Free Press.]

There were seven men standing on the rear platform of a Gratiet avenue car, and every one of them was smoking, when a woman signalled the conductor to stoo. He held the door open, but she stood and surveyed the crowd for a moment, and as no one moved she sweetly requested: "Conductor, won't you please knock out one side of the car, so that I can get out without disturbing those gentlemen?" Selling Eggs and Customers Too.

Citizen-You have lots of hens setting here, don't you?
Chickley—Yes, about 40.
Citizen—What do you do with the eggs
that don't get hatched out; throw them

away? Chickley (pityingly)—Not much! Sell'em, me boy, sell 'em. Why, fresh eggs are worth 35 cents a dozen.

The Difference. [America.]
Sabbath school teacher—Now, boys, the Bible says if an enemy smite us on one cheek we should turn the other that he may smite that also. How many little boys in this class would do that?
Tough pupil—I would if big Smithers slugged me; but if little Micky Doolan smit me cheek I'd knock the head off n him.

A Financial Move. [Texas Siftings.]

Mr. Isaacstein—Repecca, go over dot neighbor to and get changed a \$5 bill.

Mrs. Isaacstein—Vat for, Jacob? Ve have blenty small changes dot house in.

Mr. Isaacstein—Do vat I told you. He vash a leetle ratted from drinking, and maybe he give you a nickel too much in dot change. An Encouraging Sign.

[New York Sun.]
Algy (at the door)—Is Miss Giddy at home?
The new girl—Be youse Mr. White or Mr. Algy—Mr. Black.
The new girl—Them Oim to tell yez that he is at home. Come in!

Two Styles of Pronunciation. [Washington Star.] Western girl (greeting her visitor)—I knoo you were coming on Toosday, for I saw by the noospaper you had started. Southern girl—Well, I wasn't comin' until next Tieuslay, but I kniew you were ex-pectin' me this week, so I came. What niewspaper did you see it in?

All Married.

Howell Gibbon (at the club window)—Aw!
It's very fatiguing to work this way without any weturns. I think I'll go home.
Remsen Kuhler—Work? Why, dear boy, you've done nothing but gaze out at that window for an hour!
Howell Gibbon—Ya'as, I know; and not a single lady has gone by in 10 minutes.

New York Ahead.

[Puck.]
Hussle-Pullman of Chicago had an order for a parlor car the other day to be done in 48 hours, and he got it out. What do you think of that?
Flash-Friend o' mine in New York had to minutes to make a train in yesterday, and he made it.

Wanted a Freak. [Terre Haute Express.] Irate customer—Look here, I want my money back. That parrot you sold me won't talk at all.

Bird dealer—I did the best I could, sir. You insisted on having a bird that would not swear.

Plenty of Time. [Texas Siftings.] Husband—Ain't you ready yet?
Wife—I'll be ready in a minute. I've only
got one glove to put on.
Husband (sighing)—()ne of those tenbutton gloves. Well, I'll sit down and write
four or five more letters.

A Desperate Remedy.

[Judge,]
McCorkle-Wasn't the king of Siam recorted to be very ill some time ago?
McCrackle-Ithink he was. Why?
McCorkle-He is rewiving now. He has
just married 20 new ones.

Pa Was Real Slangy. "Well, papa has ratified our engagement,

Josephus, dear."
"Good! but what did he say?"
"He simply said 'Rats!" "Marching Through Georgia."

(Munsey's Weekly.)

Penelope—Isn't it detestable to hear a man keep time to the music with his feet?

Jack—Oh, the music probably appeals to his sole. Probably He was Easy to Catch.

First messenger boy—I hear Cully is goin' to be expelled from the Messenger Boys' Labor Union.
Second M. B.—What's he done?
F. M. B.—He was caught runnin'.

Bathos and Pathos Both. [Washington Star.] Some men are born great, some achieve greatness, and some are United States senators.

No Harvard Men. (Dixon Telegraph.)
"Papa," said the little one, "will there be newspapers in Heaven?"
"Perhaps, my child but there will be a new set of editors and reporters."



Facts Brought Out in the Legislative Hearings.

Pets of the Poor-Fancy Favorites of the Aristocracy.

The Patrician Pug Still Reigns in the Affections of the Society Belle.



E have all been interested, more or less, in the recent dog hearings on Beacon Hillanxiously interested, those of us who, in our simple fashion. have come to prize the dumb fidelity of Bowser and his near relations. So that the action of the commit-

tee on agriculture in refusing to humor the ungracious efforts of the "muzzler" and "exterminator" comes as a sort of glad intelligence to vindicate

the kindlier instincts of humanity.

For who hasn't at some time owned a dog of some kind or other, and, blindly or otherwise, gloried in the belief that he had the

finest and smartest dog in the vicinity?

Among the poorer classes the common cur dog holds full sway, and is beloved as dearly and petted as fouldy as the bluest of the blue blooded. Among the middle classes that outcast from the select circles of the animal kingdom, the half-breed, is installed as the family favorite, and receives the closest attention. He may have had a most distinguished father, but the cold blood of his mother completely ostracises him from the select circle called "standard," and relegates him to the vast and growing army of crosses in the animal kingdom which are considered so unnatural by the breeders of fashionable stock. The aristocracy's dogs are always of the finer species, and while they vary according to taste, they are all kept within certain lines. I learned from a sad-eyed enthusiast who attended the hearings that the most popular and most largely owned is unquestionably the hunting dog, of which the two great divisions are setters and pointers.

These are especially desirable for two reasons. They are not only pretty and attractive, but they are useful to the lord of the house in his hunting expeditions, and being more than ordinarily intelligent, are a welcome addition to the average household. They are quiet and gentle, and are also, as a rule, excellent watch dogs.





A class of dogs which does not belong to the list of blooded stock, but which yet forms no inconsiderable portion of the caine ropulation of the city, is the toy or pet dog class. It is the most aristocratic of its species, and the soft folds of velvet carpets are none too goot for its patricial tread. It is petted alike by the fair hands of society belles, and the belies who are not exactly in society, and soft, ruby lips are pressed to tis woolly coats, while terms of endearment are showered upon it. It is amusing to hear the average society lady talk to her dog, asking it questions with as much earnest ness as though she were wooing some bashful sultor under the privileges granted by lean year. She seems to think that the tiny little brute can understand every wordshe says and to make fun of her pet would be an offence grave enough tortever blot out all ties of frieadship. To this class belong black and tans, poodles, sye terriers. Scotch terriers and ours. The Skye terriers have been the most popular, although many now find boauty hidden in the wrinkled face of the English pug.

Next in suburban popularity just now may be rated the St. Bernard, being especially favored by youngsters. He does not perfans possess the most valuable qualities, but is handsome and docie, and is decidedly organized the place with alf-from the snow-bound bospices of the easily be imagined that micro and the place and their return with half-from travellers on their backs. A magnificent ratevel and their return with half-from the snow-bound bospices of the fox terrier, a dog that will range from 12 to 20 pounds. They possess as much all the snow-bound bospices of the fox terrier, a dog that will range from 12 to 20 pounds. They possess as much all the snow-bound bospices of the fox terrier, a dog that will range from 12 to 20 pounds. They possess as much all the snow-bound bospices of the fox terrier, a dog that will range from 12 to 20 pounds. They possess as much all the snow-bound beauty hidden and the perfect of the place will b



rewspapers in Heaven?"

"Perhaps, my child but there will be a new set of editors and reporters."

A Neighborly Jab.

[Harvard Lampoon.]

He (sadly)—Do you suppose we shall ever see each other again?

She (softly)—In heaven, I hope—oh! I forgot, though; you are in Yale, aren't you?

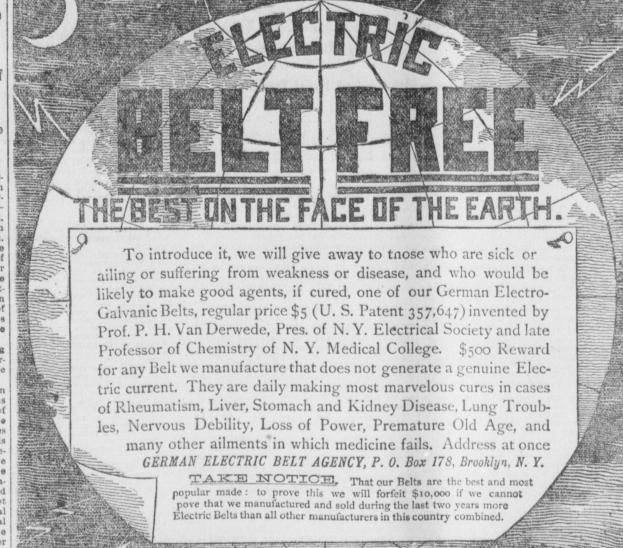
She (softly)—In heaven, I hope—oh! I forgot, though; you are in Yale, aren't you?

She (softly)—Do you know, old man, I pever realized the "power of the press" unil last night?

Jak Pot—Lew was that?

So the Child Thinks.

So the Child the think the paper the the pa



pedigrees can be traced away back to the-time when Bobbie Burns was composing his immortal ballads.



Rapidly rising in popularity with the setter is the pointer, and the lovers of this day are more enthusiastic in its praise. For a long time the pointer was more of a favorite among our Eastern sportsmen, but within the last two years its nose has been directed toward the West, and Chicago and St. Louis are rapidly learning to appreciate the pointer's qualities, and they do not rever the canine race hereabouts is said to be the lowest class on Castle street, and was recently from Pittsburg. It is a black and tan, as lively as a cricket, and is not ronoble with the usual defect of dogs bred down so fine—sore eyes. Its weight is reported at 30 outces.

In recent years there has been a steady local demand for valuable watch dogs, and the mongrel and Newfoundland have been eliminated together. Indeed, there is much doubt expressed as it to whether there is a pure blooded to the English mastiff has been at the mongrel and Newfoundland have been imported to the compare with "the vellow dog's love for the purpose in view. Fierce and often times ungovernable, this dog is constanting. It is solated in a maintenance of the entire that he was a favorite, and he possesses all the analytic state of the compare with the well of the manufacture of the canine race hereabouts is said to be the lowest class on Castle street, and was recently brought from Pittsburg. It is a black and tan, as lively as a cricket, and is not troubled with the usual defect of dogs and stand calmly by while he kills his opponent or is killed by the other one, and the mongrel and Newfoundland have been into the compare with "the vellow dog's love for the compare



by the notes of the aforesaid miner's fiddle: I fiddled and they fit and ate each other till the band began to thin out. Every time I gave an extra rasp on the E string they howled louder and pitched in afresh. They kept it up for three hours, when there wasn't more than 40 or 50 left, and they so blamed full that they could hardly waddle. But I fiddled and they fit for a second wind. When one threw up the sponge the others bolted him in a twinkling. By and by there wasn't more than a dozen left. But I indied and they fit and feasted.

"When they got down to three, each one laid hold of another's tail and chawed for giory. The ring kept getting smaller, but I indied and they chawed until there was only a bunch of hair left, and that blowed away down hill. The snow was all red with bloed and trainpled down to feet. Heads and bones were strung all down the canon, and there was fur enough in sight to stuff a circus tent. It was the dandiest dog fight I ever saw." till the band began to thin out. Every

COMMERCIAL MATTERS.

BOSTON MARKETS.

Oleomargather No. 12c. Fort Washington: 10, 14c; 30, 12½-9c; 30, 12c. Fort Washington: 10, 14c; 3b; 20, 13½-9c; 30, 13½-9c; 50, 13½-9c; 50

1.75 # bush; do. screened, \$1.60@1.70; do 2ds, \$1.50@1.60; Medium choice, hand-nicked, \$1.75 
@.... do, screened, \$1.55@1.65; Yellow Eves, extra, \$2.95@5.00; do, 2ds, \$2.50@2.75; Red Kidneys, \$3.50#4.00.

DOMESTIC FRUITS.—The demand for choice appies is steady and there is but a small stock on hand. Cranberries are also in small supply. The market generally is quiet.

We quote: Apples, cooking, \$3.50@4.00 
Bull; Eating apples, \$4.00@5.00; Evaporated apple, fair to good, \$2.10c; do, fancy, 10@11c; sundried, sliced and quarrered, 5@6.

Grapes—Catawba, 5-fb basket, 40@50c.
Pears, fancy, \$B bush, \$2.50@4.00; do, ordinary, \$1.00@1.25.

Cranberries, Cape Cod, \$\pi\$ barrel, \$14.00@1.50c.

Pears, fancy, & bush, \$2.50@4.00; do, ordinary, \$1.00@1.25.
Cranberries, Cape Cod, & barrel, \$14.00@15.00; Country, \$10.00@12.00; do, & crate, \$4.50.
Strawberries, 2640c & qt.
VEGETABLES.—The supply of potatoes on the market has been about equal to the demand, which was only fail. Sweets are steady. Squash and Spinach are both moving freely and the latter is higher. Other vegetables in steady call.
We quote: Potatoes—Native, \$2.00@2.25; Western, bulk, ...@.; do Eastern, 60@75. South—Magnus, \$3.50@1.60.
Sweet potatoes—Jersey Double heads, \$3.75@4.00.
Lettuce & doz., 75c@81. Cabbage, & barrel, \$2.26@2.50. Radish, & doz, 50@75c. Onions—Native, & bbl., \$4.00@4.50; do. Western, \$3.00.
@3.75. Squash, Marrow, \$1.75@2.00 & bbl. Hubbard, \$2.00@2.25. Turnips—Russia, & bbl., \$1.00.
@1.15. Spinach, \$2.00@2.25 & bbl.
HAY AND STRAW—Recepts of hay continue large and the demand is small. The market is consequently dull and in buyers' favor. Rye straw is sleady at our quotations. 

Groceries. COFFEE.—The coffee quotations are as follows: Java Pad'gs, bale, ...@...c; do do, medium brown 25½@26c; do do fancy brown, .....@26½c; do Timor, 24@24½c; do Malang, 23c; do Tazals, ...@23½c; do Ankola, 26½c; do Holland bags, @24c Mandheilings and Ayer Bangtes, 27c; Mocha, 25½c; Rios, prime, 21c; do fair, ...@20½c; do ordinary 19½c; low ordinary, 18¾c; Maracaibo, 23c; La gnayra, 21c; Costa Rica, 22½c; Jamaica, 20½@26c; Guatemala, 23½@24c; Mexican, 22@25c Hautl. 29¾c. glayra, 21c. Costa Rata. 22/9c. statistica. 20/926; Havti. 20/34c.
FRUITS AND NUTS—The market has been very good during the past week, and prices rule steady. Oranges are advancing in prices.
Quotations: Raisins, London layers, new, \$2.50@ 2.85; Muscatel, new, \$1.86; Sultana, 12@16. Eleme, 64/2; Valencia, new, 74/2/08; do, Ondura, 84/2/09. Currants, 86.50@8.00. Citron, Leghorn, 18/2/09. Currants, 86.50@8.00. Citron, Leghorn, 18/2/09. Dates—Persian, new, 5/2/6/4/2; do, fard, new, 7/90. Figs. layers, 11/2/25; do, keg, 5/2/7. Prunes, French, case, 6@12; do, Turk, new, ...@44/2; do, bag, 34/2/3/4/2. Lemons, Steily, 83.00@4.50; do Palermo, \$3.00/4.50. Oranges—Plorida, \$2.50/2/4.50; Tangerms, \$4.00/2/7.00. Bananas—Baracoa, yellow, 81.00/2/1.51; do Red, 75/285c. Port Linon, \$1.50/21.75; Jananica, No. 1, \$1.50; 8 hands, \$1.10; No. 2, 75c. Walnuts, 10/2/13c. Castinas, 11/2/12c; Pecans, 10/2/15c; Filberts,0/2/11; Almonds, 15/2/3/26. Stußk.—the market for refined sugar is dull, and granulated is off 1/2/2 croshed, 71/2/2c; pulverized, 71/2c; cubes, 6/3/2; powdered, 6/4/c; granulated, 6/5 10/2/6 7-16c; Confectioners A, 67.19c; Standard A, 6/3/2/26/2/2c; Extra C, 53/2c; C, 51/2/20 51/4c; Yellow, 5/3/26/5/2c. Flour and Grain.

FLOUR.—Following are the current prices for carload lots of flour:
Fine Flour, \$2.80@2.85; Superfine, \$2.85@3.35; Common extras, \$2.30@4.00; Choice extras, \$4.35@4.85; Minnesota bakers, \$2.95@4.35; patents, \$...@...; Michigan roller, \$4.20@4.35; New York roller, \$4.10@4.35; Ohio and Indiana, \$4.20@4.35; do, do, strailt, \$4.55@4.50; do, do, patent, \$4.50@4.95; do, do, straight, \$4.40@4.55; do, do, patent, \$4.75@4.90; Spring wheat patents, \$5.00@5.20 % bbl. CORN—We qnote: High mixed, \$42 % bash; Steamer yellow, \$4.1½c % bash; Steamer yellow, \$4.1½c % bash; Steamer yellow, \$4.1½c % bash; OATS—No. 1 and Faney, clinned, \$4.4½c % bash; Standard, do, 380; No. 2 do, \$3.4½c % bash; Advadada, do, 380; No. 2 do, \$3.4½c % bash; No. 2 mixed, 31½c % bush; rejected white, 30c % bush; No. 2 mixed, 31c; rejected mixed, 30c % bushel. Fish.

FISH-Following are the current prices for the F181—F0Dowing Rie die Critein Fries for week past: Mackerel—Extra Bloaters, mess, \$22,00@30.00; No 1, do 0, \$25.00@38,00; No 1, shore, \$23.00; No 1 Bay, \$22.00; No 2 Bay, \$21.00; No 2 medium, \$20.00@20.00; No 3, ordinary, \$19.00; No 3. medium, \$18.00@18.50; No 3 large, \$19.00 @19.50; No 2, large, \$21.00@22.00; No 1, \$25.00 @25.00 Miscellaneons.

WATERTOWN CATTLE MARKET.

Prices of Western beef cattle per 100 lbs. live weight, for butchers trade, ranged from \$3.50 to \$5.25.

PRICES OF HIDES, TALLOW, SKINS, &C.

THE BOSTON STOCK MARKET.

	LAND	STOCKS.		
	Mar. 22-		Mar. 24	
		Asked.		Asked.
Anniston City	57	59		601/2
Aspin wall	8	81/4	8	
Anniston City Aspinwall Boothbay	-	.45	.35	.45
Boston	61/4		61/8	
Boston W Power	6	61/4	6	61/4
Boylston	and a	31/9	-	3½ 5
Brookline	$4^{1/2}$	51/4	41/2	5
Campobello	1		1	
Cutler	1	11/4	1	11/4
East Boston	31/4	below.	31/2	466
Frenchin'n's B'y	57/8	6	31/2 5 1/8	6
Lamoine	.621/2	****	.60	.65
Maverick		2 28/4 21/9 11/4	Mark .	2
Newport	25/8	28/4	25/8	23/4
Petit Menan	28/8	$2^{1/2}$	23/8	21/2
Payson	1	11/4	1	11/4
Penobscot Bay	11/4	-	-	13/4
San Diego	191/2	201/4	193/4	201/4
Sullivan Harbor	13/g		13/8	
Swampscott	28/4	31/2	23/4	31/2
Topeka	mass :	31/8	21/2	3
West End,	25	251/4	-	25
	.70	.80	.65	77
Winthrop		15/8		15/8
Wollaston	.65		.65	****
RAILROAD STOCKS.				
Atch, Top & S F	87	371/9	3734	377/8
Atlantic & Pac.	and the same	51/8	51/8	
Boston & Alb*	01744		018	

BONDS.

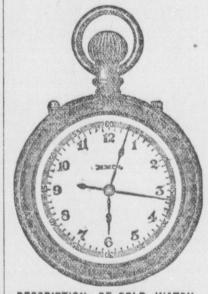
Atchison 4s....
Atchison inc...
Mexic'n Cen 4s
Mexi'cu Ce inc.
Mex C 1stine 3s
Wis Cen 1st 5s.
Wis Cen inc. 83<sup>1</sup>/<sub>4</sub> 59 705/<sub>8</sub> TELEPHONE STOCKS, bil. 222 223 222 ... 39 39<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub> 39<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub> ... .70 .80 .75 MISCELLANEOUS. Sioux C'y S Y'd 127 127

No More Cheap Watches.

# A GOLD STOP WATCH

\$12.00. Stop Watch in Oxidized Silver

> FOR ONLY \$7.00.



DESCRIPTION OF GOLD WATCH: It is the gennine gold "filled" or manufacturers, and is the same for use and wear market new have them, on account of their greater

With each watch there goes a gnarantee by

the watch; the little post on the right hand turns the hands, setting the watch. It need never be opened. It is a ratchet stem-winder, full-jewelled balance movement and as good a timekeeper as

The back of this watch is exquisitely angraved



DESCRIPTION OF SILVER WATCH,

The fact of this watch is precisely the same as that of the gold watch, and the movement is precisely the same. The difference between the two watches is only in the case. The latter is of oxidized silver, acid eaten, very neat and quaint. The movement is the quick train, with straight line lever escapement, with a direct acting hand-set that permits accurate setting, and will not allow the hands to move out of position while setting. In the sweep second movement the second hand is run direct from the movement train, ensuring perfect motion, while the dial train and hands are run by a friction pinion from a side centre. This gives all the advantages in time-keeping qualities of the most delicately adjusted and expensive movement.

Each watch is put up in a neat box, padded, to carry it safely through the mails. In the box are directions for setting the hands and regulating the watch, with the name of the person at the factory who tested and packed it. If on receipt of the witch it does not regulate or keep time, or is found out of order in any way, it is to be returned to the Manhattan Watch Company, No. 234 Broadway, and it will either be put in per ect condition or a new one seat, FREE OF ALL CHARGE. This guarantee is good for one year, during which the company agrees to keep the watch in perfect running order free of all charge. The silver case has a direct instead of a ratchet stem-wind, and snap-back instead of a screw back. The guarantee is the same for both, for 1071/2 the movements are the same.

BOTH WATCHES, in time-keeping, appearance and durability, equal to the best. The GOLD STOP WATCH at \$12 includes THE WEEKLY GLOBE one year. The SILVER STOP WATCH at \$7 includes

THE WEEKLY GLOBE one year. The GOLD STOP WATCH given to sender of 35 subscribers and \$35. The SILVER STOP WATCH given to sender of 25 subscribers and \$25. Expenses of delivery prepaid.

> Address THE WEEKLY GLOBE,

Boston, Mass.

Gum-Chewers' Teeth.

The chewing-gum habit is looked upon

favorably by some dentists and by all dealers in dental supplies; by the latter because chewing gum is being sold as a tooth-cleansing agent. Chewing gum is supposed to aid digestion, for the increase in saliva

to aid digestion, for the increase in saliva is usually retained in the system, in contradistinction to tobacco-chewing, in which case it is expectorated. It has also been claimed that the constant use of chewing gum prevents sea-sickness, and some think that it benefits sufferers from lung troubles, although by such the pure spruce gum only should be selected. Gum-chewing is liable to enlar e the muscles which control the movements of the jaw, thereby changing, possibly for the better, both the contour and the expression of the face. If the gum be pure, I see nothing in the habit to condemn except its vulgarity, as it has no effect upon the teeth beyond that already stated. "Most Elegant Article of Dress." Dry Goods Chronicle. The East has been famous from time im

of them are, indeed, of a value that appears almost fabulous. Two to three thousand dollars is not thought an extravagant price, even in India, for a genuine cashmere, and some have sold as high as \$5000. The men employed in fabricating these splendid articles rarely earn more than a couple of annas (scarcely six cents) per day.

memorial for the production of that "most

A Chance for His Father. (Philadelphia Times.) "Pop, I know how you can make a thousand dollars and benefit me besides."
"You know how, Bobby? Well, I'd like You know how, boddy? Well, I'd like to know."

"How much do you weigh?"

"About 125."

"Just the figure. Well, there's a fellow in Boston who will fight any man of that weight for \$1000, and I thought since you don't win anything whaling me you might like to close with min." PRIZE OFFER TO

# PRIZES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

If You Can Write a Story.

THE BOSTON WEEKLY GLOBE purposes to develop the literary talent of the Boys and Girls and the Ladies of America who are not accustomed to writing stories. The great writers of the future are among the bright, intelligent young people of today.

THE BOSTON WEEKLY GLOBE offers FOUR PRIZES IN GOLD for the Best Four Stories written by either Boys or Girls under 18 years of age, to be sent to THE GLOBE before May 1, 1890. The First Prize is a \$20 Gold Piece, the Second a \$10 Gold Piece, the Third a \$5 Gold Piece, and the Fourth a \$1 Gold Piece.

These stories should be as short as you can make them, from 100 to 1000 words, and give a plot and work it out in an interesting manner. Little sketches for cuts to illustrate the story will be acceptable.

The Prizes will be awarded about June 1st, which will give ample time for an intelligent committee to examine the stories and to decide upon the best ones.

# Every One Who Enters the Contest Must be a Subscriber to The Boston Weekly Globe,

Or a member of a family in which it is taken.

The price of THE WEEKLY GLOBE is only \$1 a year, or 50 cents for six months. A six months' subscription as the solid gold case, and may be so considered and treated. Even the costliest watches on the entitles members of a family to enter the contest, and of course all who have been subscribers of THE WEEKLY GLOBE are entitled to compete.

the Manhattan Watch Company to keep it in order for one year free of all charge.

The stories are to be the property of THE GLOBE aftey they are received, and all with any merit will be aftey they are received. The stories are to be the property of THE GLOBE printed in THE GLOBE during the year. This of itself is a fine opportunity for young authors to see how their stories look in print, and thus obtain a start in the

THE WEEKLY GLOBE is printed in the establishment of THE BOSTON DAILY GLOBE, which has the Largest Circulation of any paper in New England, and occupies the Finest Newspaper Building in this section of the country, Nos. 236 to 244 Washington street, Boston. Mass.

# PRIZES FOR LADIES.

To develop the latent talent among the ladies of America who are over 18 years of age, whether married or unmarried, THE WEEKLY GLOBE also offers FOUR PRIZES, \$20, \$10, \$5 and \$1 in Gold for the Best Four Stories that are sent in by May 1st, the Prizes to be awarded June 1st. Any lady who competes must only be a member of a family that takes THE WEEKLY GLOBE, THE WEEKLY GLOBE is a Large Eight-Page Family Newspaper, established in 1872, and the subscription price is only 50 cents for six months.

These stories, which should contain not less than 1500 nor more than 3000 words, also will be considered the property of THE GLOBE, and will be printed in the paper from time to time during the year.

# SPECIAL DIRECTIONS.

In writing a story use only one side of your sheets of paper. Write plainly, and mail the stories to the "Story Editor of THE BOSTON WEEKLY GLOBE, Nos. 236-244 Washington street, Boston, Mass., U. S. A.

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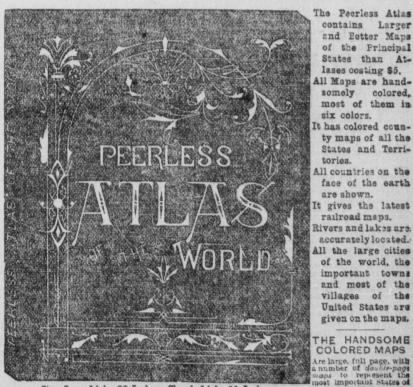
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Address THE WEEKLY CLOBE, Boston, Mass.

# AN ARIZONA BLIZZARD.

Inside of a Pullman Car.

The Passengers Hid Their Faces in Sheets, but the Wind Blew Through-

(Chicago Herald.)

street depot yesterday morning. Sorry a spectacle as they presented, the cars upon which they came were a still sorrier. They looked as if the train had been through a gigantic sand blast, and such proved to be really the fact. "You see," said an elderly man who had had on this journey his first, and he hopes his last experience with an Arizona sandstorm-"you see the outside of our coaches, how slimy they are: how dusty, dirty, scratched, rent and torn they are. You have been inside and observed how greasy, splotched, worn and torn the upholstery is. We had been going along swimmingly, most of us bound to Chicago, when we encountered that villainous sand storm. The day had been cloudless, with not a single ugly spot in view. In our train were three an es, one car with another, and decided

happy in having come up with so many congenial spirits. We had passed on the morning of Feb. 26 through a long and broad field of sage Although the wind was high, and howled as though it were celebrating the discovery of America and all the important events that have since happened, we cared nothing for it, because we were forging ahead, and the wind's frolic made no impression whatsoever on our progress. Years ago I decided that it was my duty to let anything or anybody get ahead in this world so long as it did not interfere with my own comfort or convenience. But who can tell what is five minutes ahead of him?

my own comfort or convenience. But who can tell what is five minutes ahead of him?

"We were in Arizona, at an altitude of about 60:00 feet; the thermometer registered about 12 below zero, and the urbane porier was comforting us with the reflection that in a very few hours we should go down grade, and be in a semi-tropical climate, when suddenly, as we were crossing Canon Diablo, we looked out and saw a bare-headed Indian forced along at a 40-mile-an-hour gair, his hair standing perpendicular from his head. We smiled, thinking there would be one good Indian less on earth, when that infernal storm of sand burst upon us. Have you ever seen that red sand of the great American desert. It is as fine as extra superfine flour, and more penetrating than the best directed shot from a 10-inch rified gun of modern pattern. Now we are in a clear blue sky, the sun smuling joyously down upon earth. Then—and then means less than one-half a second afterward—we are in the midst of a cloud of sand, which, with infinite impudence and without knocking, forces entrance everywhere. Pullman cars have double windows, and all of these are fast. In a trice the ventilators are closed tight, and the porter and conductor stand with cocked revolvers to shoot the first man, friend or foe, who seeks to enter. A surgeon is on one car, and he at once calls out in stentorian voice that every pa-senger shall envelop his or her head with a sheet or towel.

"It is the hour of 1 in the afternoon. In

shall envelop his or her head with a sheet or towel.

"It is the hour of 1 in the afternoon. In a trice we pass from light to darkness. The engineer afterward declares that he was unable to see the bell on his engine or his smokestack, and consequently he pulls up at a full stop within a quarter of a mile of Winslow station. He can push his engine through snow, even thought it be piled up a foot or more on the track, but his experience has taught him that it sand be piled up, though but an inch or two above the rail, his entire train will be ditched. He is aware that a train is likely to but into his and that a Western-bound train is likely to telescope him in front. But he realizes also that the switch ahead may be misplaced. Hence his hit Uning dong dong ding googs his witch ahead may be misplaced. Hence his halt. Ding, dong, dong, ding! goes his bell, and thus it keeps up unremittingly. There is not much talking. The most optimistic of our party once in a while essay a pleasautry, but the individual who at-tempts it grows pale and retires within hima pleasantry. but the individual who attempts it grows hale and retires within himself. I cannot describe the situation, nor could you do so had you been there. Later on, after the storm had passed, we were told at Winslow by those who had been there since the town had had its being that that section was visited about ence a month by a simoom, but that it was exceptional for such a storm to endure for more than an hour. Yet we struck that storm at 1 o'clock in the afternoon, and it did not subside until one-half hour after 6. During that time the blast struck on the corner of our rear coaches and kept them constantly rocking, each of them being lifted up the utmost limit of the car springs, and dropped back again heavily upon the axles. Not one of us dared expose eyes, nose or mouth one second but we kept our visages concealed by sheets, blankets, towels or a triple supply of handkerchiefs. It was awfully discouraging, I can assure you. If a fellow was minded to talk he could not be heard, because all the rest had their ears so muffied up that they could not have heard thunder when at its best, or an entire broadside from a full-rigged ship. "In our party was a man who owns most of the stage coach lines in each territory, and he went around to each of us at half-hour intervals assuring us that, although he had lived in that section for upward of 30 years, he had never witnessed a storm of one-tenth the severity of that now prevailing. This Job's comforter continued to keep all the lady passengers in a state of consciousness, and reminded all of the stronger ext that their latter end was near at hand. I died a dozen times in that six hours of waiting. I can never, possibly, at hand. I died a dozen times in that six hours of waiting. I can never, possibly, suffer as I then endured agony.

"It is a physiological fact that such a wall of sand makes short the supply of oxygen, even out of doors. But we were shut up tight and close within a car. We hreathed

even out of doors. But we were shut u tight and close within a car. We hreathe over and over again the same supply of air over and over again the same supply of air, it got closer and closer, and our lungs got weaker and weaker. Just before the storm let up the doctor came round and said it was not possible for any of us to live one-half hour longer. We all acquiesced in that sentence and made ready to die.

"Sand? You don't know what that brief query means. Why, my dear tellow, it crowded in everywhere. I give you my word of honor that when the wind fell, as it did at sunset, there were six inches of red sand on a level inside our coach. There were eight inches on a level in the vestibule on the outside. All the passengers constituted themselves deputy porters and assisted in clearing away the sand. Later on the porter let down the bunks, and, bless my soul, we were worse off than ever. Down rained the sand from the inside of the upper bunk arrangement, so that our last estate was worse than the first. Every suit of clothes and every lady's dress was ruined. Every bit of plush upholstery was ruined. Every to the factory for repairs. Every suit of clothes must be turned over to the scourer for cleansing. I am on my way to the Turkish bath for a 24-hours' stay. We have slept in sand, walked over sand, wallowed in sand since that afternoon of the 20th. We have eaten sand at way stations. Our throats are sore, our lips are raw, our eyes are bloodshot. We literally passed through the valley of the shadow of death, and cannot forget that six hours' stay in the day's darkness and gloom, though we lived a dozen centuries. It is impossible to exaggerate. He would be blessed or cursed to a superlatively exalted imagination who could conceive a tithe of our sufferings. Just think of us! Our faces hidden in sheets and blankets hour by hour, not knowing what moment would be our last. We were more than half asphyxnated. Not one of us has been able to eat one-half a square meal since. That infernally suck if we It got closer and closer, and our lungs go weaker and weaker. Just before the storm infernal sand not only penetrated the plush cloth, the sheets, towels and handkerchiefs, but it also settled down in the pores of our skins, and we shall be infernally lucky if we get rid of it after a score of caths."

The Unattainable.

[Muntey's Weekly.] She-There, haven't I sharpened that lead He-Y-e-s.

She-And I can throw a stone straight, He-Y-e-s, my dear. She-Well, then! I should like you to tell me something else a woman can't do.

He-I only know one thing, my dear, and that is to tell a conundrum without forgetting either the question or the answer.

[St. Louis Republic.]
That flowers sleep is evident to the most That flowers sleep is evident to the most casual observer. The daisy opens at sunrise and closes at sunset—hence its name. "day's eye." The morning glory opens with the day, but never lives to see another sunrise. The "John-go-to-bed-at-noon" awakes at 4 o'clock in the morning, but closes its eyes during the middle of the day: the dandelion is in full bloom only during strong light. This habit of some flowers is

certainly very curious, and furnishes one of the many instances which prove the singu-lar adaptability of everything in nature. The reason is found in the method by which Railroad Travellers in a

Desert Sand Storm.

Desert Sand Storm.

Six Inches of Red Grit on a Level

The reason is found in the method by which this class of flowers is fertilized. It is obvious that flowers fertilized by neight flowers that flowers advantage by being open during the day, and on the other hand that those which are fertilized by bees would gain nothing by remaining open by night. Why may we not suppose, then, that the closing of flowers may have reference to the habits of insects? In support of this theory we may observe that wind-fertilized flowers never sleep.

#### COUNTER TRIALS.

The Shopgirl Who Felt as if Her Feet Remarkable Predictions in All Ages-Had Gone to Heaven-Getting Off Goods on Customers.

"Ah-h! I feel as if my feet had gone to It was a sad and dilapidated looking lot heaven!" said the salesgirl, as she exhibited of passengers that arrived at Dearborn a No. 3 foot in a No. 5 slipper. "Iget solid comfort out of these old slippers when I come home in the evening with my feet made the name of this old-lime soothsaver from those we use: hurting so I can hardly stand. Shoes too tight? Not a bit of it! My shoes are always too large for me, but standing all day swells my feet and makes them painful. "The first day I went into the store I

Why am I so maughty as to need scolding? It ain't me that's naughty; it's the customers. I do get so mad sometimes that I could jump over the counter and beat 'em! They aint got no notion of buying when they come in, but all the same they want to see this. that and the other thing, and so Pullman cars, five passenger coaches and then they stand there, worrying the life successful prognosticator of future events out of me, asking no end of questions and in her generation. She told the great Wolcrowding out other folks who might buy if that never had so large a company been so they could only get a chance; and when and, in fact, when within eight miles of it from one of the bosses. Which one? Well, most always it's our buyer. I spoke back to him the other day! Says I, it takes a stand many notable smarter girl than me to make folks buy when they anti got no money to buy when they are got in other stores, but it sin't no fun for the girls who are expected to make saies.

The got in other stores, but it sin't no fun for the girls who are expected to make saies.

The not the dol. She is also said to have foretold the creat fire of London, the exchange and many notable dealth as in selection of Charles I. and many notable call a stew, and what we call hash is here known as a hash we should as the synthem to got a stew and make me show end of the reformation, and the reigns of the store in the sum and wany hotable wents of the reformation, and the reigns of the store in the reformation and the reigns of the store in the got and make make the proportion of the patrons. The bank is a single great that the deal of the sum and she deled at the sum and what is a step this way and she deed at the foreign that the proportion of the patrons. The sum the patrons of the sum and what is a single great thank with the proportion of the patrons. The bank is a single great than the left. What we call ale is here known as a hash we should as stew, and what we call ale is here known as hinter for the left. What we call ale is here known as hinter for the more of the reformation, and the reigns of the left with as little and the said of a stew, and what we call ale is here known as hash we should as seed and she dead at the sevents of the seed and she detect the said as text the sum of the reformation, and the reigns of the seed and she died at the strong and our overcoat become

pected to make sales.

"Oh, me! If here ain't a place on my sleeve that's most worn through! I'll have to get a new dress for the store. If I had my way about it I'd get one for Sunday and wear my blue cashmere in the store, but I'd have to get it dyed first, and I hate to have a dress dyed when there aint nothing the matter with it. Wear it as it is? Oh, dear, no! That wouldn't be allowed. We are expected to dress either in black or in some grave color that don't make no show. Black is what they like best, and that is why I have lived in this old thing so long. In common stores the young ladies may wear all the colors of the rainbow, but it's different in a first-class establishment. At one time there was talk of our having t give up our bangs, but I guess they thought better of it.

give up our bangs, but I guess they thought better of it.

"Are we expected to lie professionally? What do you meac by that? Oh, to get off goods on customers." Well, some of the young ladies will do it because it's in 'em and they can't help it: but lies ain't paid extra for, as in some stores, where a girl gets a commission on hersales of out-of-style wraps and things. Employers Christian men? I don't know as our bosses are extra Christian, but I heard one of 'em say once that lying wasn't business-like. You see our store has a reputation to keep up. Talk about sales ladies saying what aint so, you ought to hear the customers! When I was in the cloak department last winter. I was every day sending off goods C. O. D. that did nothing but come back to me again. The ladies, when they said they'd take them, had no more idea of paying for them than I had.
"Astoreass let meanle say what they will."

I'm sure there's them that come to buy that's sassier than any of them that sell.

"Just the other day I was stooping down behind the counter putting away some lace. when the first thing I knewsomebody poked me in the back with a great umbrella, and when I looked up the customer that done it business by threatening to report me

#### HE FORGOT TO FLOP.

Forgetfulness that Brought Disaster

sessed with the idea that he could fly if he only had a pair of wings. He prayed fervently for the coveted attributes of the angels, but without avail.

anxels, but without avail.

Alter thinking the matter over, he concluded that if he would procure a pair of large turkey wings and fasten them to his arms he would be all right. A big turkey gobbler was killed and the wings secured.

Our hero announced that at high noon on a certain day he would fly or soar. A low structure of a building was selected as a starting with

arting point. When the day came the old man mounted

SUGGESTIONS TO SITTERS. Directions of Value to Ladies Who Desire to Look Well in Pictures.

[London Puck.]
A photographer sends us a circular containing eight "Suggestions to Sitters," and the following valuable advice "To the would compose a mouth to a bland and serene character, she should, just before entering the room, say 'bosom,' and keep the expression into which the mouth subsides until the desired effect in the camera is evident. If, on the other hand, she wishes to assume a distinguished and somewhat noble pearing not suggestive of sweetness, she should say 'brush,' the result of which is infallible." We would like to add that if she should wish to assume a haggard, fashonable expression, to represent what is commonly know as "that tired feeling," she should say "Kwetkawskzeminsk mpty stomach, and pronounce all the syl

The World's Great Bridges.

A comparison between the Forth and

other great bridges of the world is as follows

The two great arch spans of the Forth The two great arch spans of the Forth bridge, 1710 feet each, are beyond any span before attempted. Each is 110 feet wider than the central span of the Brooklyn bridge, It has cost, or it was estimated to cost, \$10,000,000 in meney. In human life, no to September, 1885, including five drowning cases, the fatal accidents in connection with its construction amounted to 53, while the total number of accidents non-fatal up to the same time was 543; an army of workmen, numbering at times as many as workmen, numbering at times as many as 4500, have been engaged most of the seven years in building the gigantic structure.

A Story for Young Men.

[St. Paul Pioneer-Press.] There is a moral in the following story it is true, and it is applicable to every posi tion in the commercial, literary or professional world. It will apply to the most eminent lawyer, and to the clerk in the corner grocery. A young St. Paul man applied to a well-known merchant in this city for the place of assistant bookkeeper. He was asked what salary he expected, and replied.

## MODERN PROPHETS.

Forecasts That Have Turned Out to Be Correct.

Her Famous Doggerel.

Some Interesting Anecdotes.

[St. Louis Globe-Democrat.] The often-quoted prediction beginning pool "Carriages without horses shall go," so often attributed to "Mother Shipton," has more familiar to the average reader than prophetic doggerel with which her name is now so frequently associated was not, however, of her composition. The true history

they make me take down box after box, that Mether Shipton was not a more or less sey that he should never come to York; all's said and done they walk away without he was arrested by Northumberland at my making a sale, and then I get a scolding from one of the bosses. Which one? Well, ter, where he died. She is also said to have

the lady considerable emotion. Her friends rallied her about the prediction, when the conjuror said to them, with the air of a man confident of the truth of what he had foretold: "You may amuse yourselves at her expense, but you will then be glad to kiss

the hem of her garment!" On the other hand, Louis XIV, one day observed to the Duc de Crequi: "Astrology is altogether false. I had my horoscop is altogether false. I had my horoscope drawn in Italy, and they told me that, after having lived a long time I would fall in love with an old woman and love her to the end of my days. Is there the least likelihood of that?" And so saying he burst into laughter. Nevertheless this did not prevent him from marrying Mme. de Maintenon when she was 50 years old, thus fulfilling the predictions both of the mason and the Italian astrologer.

strologer.
Another very notable marriage prophecy was that made to Eugenie Montijo, afterwards Empress of the French, by an observe gypsy fortune teller, who predicted that she would become an empress, although at that period there was not a marriageable emperor in the world. Being aware of this fact. Eugenie inquired of the woman if a king or a prince was not meant, but she only reiterated her first statement, adding, with much emphasis, "He will be emperor of a great country." When Mile. Montijo visited Paris in 1851, at the fetes of the Elysee Bourbon she attracted the attention of Louis Napoleon, whom she married two years later.

Probably the most immense hit which was ever made in modern fortune-telling was that of the famous Mile. Le Normand, in London in the year 1846. On being presented to three gentlemen at a fashionable reception, she regarded them intently for a time and then addressed the first as follows: "Your life will be a happy and a lucky one; you will die old and without pain; on one occasion you and one of your children will miraculously escape destruction." To the second she said: "It seems incredible, but I would address you in the words of Shakespeare, "Thou shalt be king!" Yes. sir, you will reign." On taking the hand of the third she turned pale, and dropping it hurriedly, said: "It seems to the parise of the product of the parise of the form of the parise of the product of the parise of t was that made to Eugenie Montijo, at wards Empress of the French, by an

Forgetfulness that Brought Disaster to an Ohio Man's Flight.

[Cincinnati Times.]

Up in the country lives an eccentric old fellow. He has lived to be about 65 years of age, and has raised a family of quernlous the triple rairroad accident of Stapleburst. of age, and has raised a family of quernlous and quarrelsome children, who make life a burden to the old man. To add to his troubles he has two bothersome sons-inlaw, who tried to make the path of life thorny.

Tormented day and night and of a nervous disposition, the old man once or twice endeavored to commit suicide, but his efforts have been thwarted by his hawkeyed with the idea that he could rily if he only had a pair of wings. He prayed fervently for the coveted attributes of the

and."

Sosuet, when a mere youth, was presented to a number of prelates by one of the bishops of the church, who said of him when he left: "That young man who has just gone lorth will be one of the greatest luminaries of the church."

of the church, who said of him when he left: "That young man who has just gone forth will be one of the greatest fuminaries of the church."

Sylla said of Casar, when he pardoned him at the earnest entreaty of his friends: "You wish his pardon—I consent, but know that this young man whose life you so eagerly plead for will prove the most deadly enemy of the party which you and I have defeated"—a prediction which was most fully realized.

Mazarin early foreteld the future of Louis XIV., saving of him: "He has in him stuff for four kings." and at another time. "He may take the road a little later than others, but he will go much further."

When Voltaire was engaged in the study of the classics, the Father Lejoy was once exceedingly irritated by the insolence of his repartees, and seezing him by the collar, shook him roughly, saying, "Wretched youth! you will some day be the standard of deism in France."

In closing our citations of curiously fulfilled predictions an odd example may be given of what may perhaps be classed as accidental or humorous prophesying. In a valume entitled "The Spirit of the English Magazines," which was prusted in Boston in 1821, appeared a series of items purporting to be taken from an imaginary journal supposed to be issued in the year 4796. The labored extravagance of these items showed plainly that their writer had evidently exercised all the powers of his imagination to invent them, but in spite of this, a large share of them have long since become substantial realities. Among the most striking of these unconscious predictions may be mentioned the following:

"The armies of the Northern States will take the field against that of the Southern provinces early next spring. The principal Northern force will consist of 1,490,000 picked troops.

"Our celebrated travellers have just arrived from their researches into two of the countries of ancient Europe. By means of a new invention Dr. Clarke crossed the Atlantic in seven days.

"The new mechanical steam coach left Philadelphia at 8 in th

beauty.
'How the scientific pigmies of the 18th Thow the scientific pigmies of the 18th and 18th centuries would have hid their diminished head? could they have foreseen our present perfection in lighting the atmosphere by exciting attraction and motion among the constituent particles of light and heat. The aerometer of New York, at a trilling expense, produces a light in the atmosphere equal to the brightest moonships?

This last item is particularly rich. What Mr. Jimcrak (impatiently)—Well, what on earth do you want then?
Mrs. Jimcrak—I want you to come home would the self-satisfied writer in his pity for the benighted mortals of the 19th cen-tury, have said to some of the other invenstraight. tions of Edison, more wonderful even than the electric light, which he seems to have caught a glimpse of, but set so many cen-turies ahead?

Familiar With Royalty.

Miss Flimey (who has just been presented to Princess Louise)-No. Jack. I can't shake hands with you today. I have just touched the hand of the daughter of the Queen. Jack-Why, that's nothing to me, Miss Flumsy. This hand has often held three kings.

Mrs. Jefferson Davis' Signature. [Galveston News.] It may be noticed that the widow of the late Jefferson Davis, since his death, signs her name "V. Jefferson Davis." Many persons doubtless suppose she has added the to try a case!

Wife—Yes; but that's no reason—Husband—We had to stay out over night to try a case!

name Jefferson to her Christian name Varina. But this is not the proper explana-ion. V is the abbreviation of veuve, the Trench for widow and it is the custom in South, for widows to place that letter be-fore the Christian names of their deceased husbands. V. Jefferson Davis simply means the widow of Jeffereson Davis.

THE QUEEN'S ENGLISH.

(London Letter to Chicago News.

molasses. Having lived six months in Brit-

ain I should have said treacle. I study to be correct even in little matters of this

kind, but I find it very hard to conform to

right. What we call a telegram is here called a telegraph; it will probably never be determined which of these usages is the better.

THE SAUCE OF LABOR.

Working on the Railway and the Means of Lightening Toil.

McSherry (tamping on the north side of the railway tie) - Whish!

railway tie)-Whish!

they're ballasht. T'ump 'm!

Boyne (tamping on the south side of the

The section foreman-Thim ain't eggs-

McSherry and Boyne (with a three of abor)-THUMP! THUMP! thump!

McSherry-It's th' also boss we hove

thump!
McSherry—Oi say, Herrs.
Boyne-Pfwhat?
McSherry—Maggie's woorkin' me a boorth-

ewing up f'r yez? McSherry—A chimmy-shkin tinnis-case f'r

Some Uses of Artificial Cold.

Prof. Edward L. Nichols in April Chautauquan.

far distant when brine, cooled below the freezing point of water, will be carried un-

der the streets in pipes, as steam is now, supplying from central stations a very con-

venient substitute for ice in the domestic

household. By freezing in our own houses

Showing His Sympathy.

[Atlanta Constitution.]

presence with one eye black, his lips swollen

and a ragged scratch across his cheek, the

blood from which he had wiped off on his

shirt sleeve. "Nicodemus," cried the parent, as he sneaked in, "have you been fighting

again?"
"Nope," he sullenly grunted.
"Then what on earth ails your face?"
"Jim Green's ma's dead," he replied.
"Well, suppose she is: what's that got to
do with your bunged-up face?"
"I sand Jim jint your"

"I seed Jim just now." answered the boy, an' he looked awful sad and solemnsome."
"Well:"
"Ididn't know what ter do to make him

right and chipper like, an' feelin' so sorry or him, I jest went up an' let him hit me :

[St. Paul Eye.]

Mr. Jimcrak-I'm going to the lodge to-

ight, dear; we've got to initiate four can-

Mrs. Jimcrak-Well, I want you to come-Mr. Jimcrak-Oh, yes, I'll come straight

Mrs. Jimcrak-But that isn't what I want.

A Reasonable Request.

(Harper's Bazar.

Sick husband-My dear, this room is very

warm.
Wife (testing the register)—There's no

heat coming from the register.
Sick husband (impatiently)—Well, see if

want a man to stay here and freeze to death?

It Was a Grand Jury. Wife-Why, Harry, this is a nice time to

come home! Where were you?

Husband—Doncherknow. 1 was on

Wife-Yes; but that's no reason-

w licks."
"Did it help him?" asked the mother.
"Help him?" echoed the boy.in a surer. "Help him?" echoed the boy, in a surprised tone, "course it did! Don't you think it'd make you feel good to busta fellow that way what had licked you every week for a year?"

A 14-year-old boy went into his mother's

of bread and milk,

"Treacle," Not "Molasses."

AT A SAVINGS

Scenes in One of New York's Big Institutions.

True History of Mother Shipton and How It Differs from that Which Is Takes a Good Deal of Trouble to Get Spoken by American Foreigners-Say Money In and Out.

> You must pardon me for using that word In New York Even Little Babies Have to Sign the Bank's Big Book.

> > (New York Sun.)

English as it is spoken this side of the salme There are some hundreds of millions of Quite at random I make up a list of articles dollars on deposit in savings banks in and to which the English assign names differing around New York, and the trouble it has been to get them there cannot be appreciated by one who has never spent an hour That which we call a bowl is here known that of any other of her craft. The bit of as a basin. In England you ask for a basin in such a bank watching the folks put their money in and get it out again and seeing That which is known to us as a pitcher is how they do it. Every bank has a system of its own, but they all have a general thought I'd die before 6 o'clock, but one can get used to anything except being scolded—that I never can get used to, no matter bow long I may stay in the store.

Of this so-called prophecy is not generally and donkey is here called a moke; in America a moke is a negro. Local slang for a cab horse is "cat's meat," because the purported to be an exact reprint of the original angle of horse is negled around the called a moke; in the store, which is a cab horse is "cat's meat," because the purported to be an exact reprint of the original angle of horse is negled a moke; in the store, which is a cab horse is "cat's meat," because the purported to be an exact reprint of the original angle of horse is negled a moke; in the store, which is a negro. Local slang for a cab horse is "cat's meat," because the purported to be an exact reprint of the original angle of horse is negled a moke; in the store, had it in at one hole, have a general similarity. You take your money there, had it in at one hole, have a record made of your name, age, condition, color, and the store is negled a moke; in the store is negled purported to be an exact reprint of the original edition of "Mother Shipton's Prophical Edition of "Mother Edition of "Mother Edition of "Mother Edition of "Mother Edition of That's as easy as falling off a log if you keep cool and don't let the clerk's personal quesecies." printed in 1648.

In the spring of 1873 Mr. Hindley confessed that he had fabricated the famous prophecy, as well as 10 others, in order to render his book saleable.

Cats average much larger than our disconlined that the clerk's personal questions excite you. When you want your money back you go and ask for it, and find that you can't have it until you have passed biscuit, and I suspect that this is strictly What we call shoes are here known as boots, and what we call boots are here known as bluchers. There is one shoe called the highlow, because it runs high from the heel up back of the ankle, and is cut low in front.

Our druggist is here a chemist, many of the older practitioners retaining the old spelling—"chymist."

What we call ale is here known as bitter beer.

Searching examination as to when and where you were born, who your parents were, if you had any, where you lived when you put the money in, where you have been living since, and spelling—"chymist."

The searching examination as to when and where you were born, who your parents were, if you had any, where you have been living since, and you have been living since, and you have been living since, and you have been living since and there were if you had any, where you have been living since and other matters of a personal nature apparently utterly irrelevant to the question of whether you are going to get that money or not. Then if your general apparance is prepossessing, and your examination as to when and where you had any, where you have been living since. And other matters of a personal nature apparently utterly irrelevant to the question of whether you are going to get that money or not. Then if your general apparently utterly irrelevant to the question of whether you are going to were you were born, who your parents were.

What we call sick the Englishman calls ill; sickness here implies nausea and yomiting. The British usage is wrong: but the late Richard Grant White settled that point pretty definitely. How came the British to fall into this perversion? It was, I think, because the British can go nowhere except by water; that travel by water induces unpleasant symptoms of nausea and retching, which condition, called sickness, gradually came to be regarded as the correct definition of the word sickness, I can't imagine how the British justify their use of the words homesick, heartsick and lovesick.

Here they call a street car a tran; correct. Here, too, an elevator is a lift, and that is right. ple go about it is a perpetual mine of amusement to the clerks. Most of those who come first simply shove their money in at a window and say:

"I want to put that in.". Those who seem intelligent are directed e take a deposit slip from a rack of them

He laved me aff tin seconds t' hav Herry. He laved me all tin seconds t hav a shnazin' fit yistherday.

Boyne—It's th' fine man he is. He'd be shot in Olrelan'. They's a nut aff that fishplate behint yez.

McSherry—Lave thim thot's ped f'r it pit it an: we're not machinists. Will I hov th' favure ay reducin' th' linth av yure plug be a chew?

"Mother's name?"
The patience of most depositors lasts through this and the answer goes down.
"Mother's maiden name?"
A great many don't know, and those who do generally declare that it is none of the bank's business to know.
Oh, but we must have information on these little points to prevent some one else from drawing out your money." explains the clerk, and down goes another answer. The average depositor would tell the names and ages and cause of death of all his family for three generations back rather than run any risk of having some one else draw out his money.
When the father's name also has been out down in black and white the clerk approach the same and some stiffied any see and cause of death of all his family for three generations back rather than run any risk of having some one else draw out his money. a chew?
Boyne—Chew air!
McSherry—T'anks. How—ouch!
Boyne—Kape yure toes out o' the rift, an'
yez?ll not git thim broke. Feely Roach
ain't been able t'kick th' ould 'ooman f'r a
mont' be rayson av th' sem.
The foreman—Will yez T'UMP?!!
McSherry and Boyne—THUMP! THUMP!

put down in black and white the clerk seems satisfied, pauses, and gazing at the depositor fixedly for a moment, scratches his chin with the penholder and remarks:

McSherry—Maggie's woorkin' me a boorth-day prisint.

Boyne—Is thot so?
McSherry—It is. Guess it.

The Foreman—Sthand aff th' thrack, yez tarriers! D' yez wanty go home hashed?

Boyne (as the express goes by)—Thim vacatims is all thot sevs us, Corr-rnale.

Th' Poort Chister accommydatin's due soon, an' we'll hov a chance t' carph th' dust out at our laisure. Pfwhat's she afther sewing up f'r ye? "Hum."
Then he hands the depositor the slip

me pick-axe.
Boyne—Yure a liar!
The Foreman—Oi know two min that gits their lasht pay Saturday.
McSherry and Boyne—THUMP! THUMP!

"Hum."

Then he hands the depositor the slip again and sends him on to the next clerk, remarking at the same time:
"All right, Mr. Smith."

While Mr. Smith is making out a book for the new client the clerk at the big book is jotting down some little items as to the personal appearance of the depositor which he has photographed in the comprehensive stare that ended with that "hum."
"Now, remember, you musin't lose it, and you musin't let anybody else have it," says Mr. Smith to the new depositor, as he passes out the book, and the deed is done.

Very often a person will epen an account for some one else, for his child, wife or other relative or friend, and in that case the signature in the big book must be supplied on a piece of paper and pasted in. No proxy signature will do, either to put money in or to get it out. A man might deposit thousands of dollars in a bank and be as well known to the clerks as the president himself, and yet be unable to draw a cent of it out except upon the signature of the person in whose pame the deposit was made, corresponding with the signature pasted in their name, and there comes in a ray of sunshine for the dry old

venient substitute for ice in the domestic household. By freezing in our own houses water which has been previously boiled, it will then be possible for us to avoid contagion from disease germs contained in nee gathered frem impure sources. The maintenance of dwellings at 70° Farenheit throughout the summer, will then be as much a matter of course as the warming of a modern house new is in winter.

Mechanical refrigeration has been successfully applied in the laying of piers for bridges, where treacherous sit and quick-sand make excavation by the ordinary methods difficult; the semi-fluid material at the bottom of the caisson being frozen by the application of pure brine and removed while still solid. It seems probable that the same method may be of service in tunnelling through such materials in the beds of rivers. Indeed, the fields of usefulness of processes for the production of artical cold are being extended daily, and they doubtless are destined to take an even more important place in the industrial world of the person in whose name the deposit was made, corresponding with the signature posted in the book. Even little babies must sign the book when an account is opened in their name, and there comes in a ray of sunshine for the dry old bank. The mother risk all about how she wants to open an account for the baby and how she can't deposit much now, but she is going to try real hard and put in more right along, so that when the baby gets to be 21 years old he will have quite a sum coming to him. Young mothers always tell the clerk all about how she wants to open an account for the baby and how she can't deposit much now. Jut she is going to try real hard and put in more right along, so that when the baby gets to be 21 years old he will have quite a sum coming to him. Young mothers always tell the baby is pretty. Finally the mother is gently led along to business, and has her slip made out for the first \$2.53 of the functional proposed in the in the cone and the clerk will have quite a sum coming to him. Yo sinp induced to the inst 2.05 of the fatture young man's fortune. After she has told the clerk that this has all been saved in three weeks out of pennies and nickels that papa gave the little one, she is coaxed along the desk to the big book, which is swunz around and presented to the baby for his signature. The mother doesn't understand, and thinks the clerk is joking with her. She finally realizes, however, that something to stand for a signature has get to go down there, and asks the clerk please to write the baby's name for her, and to write it real nice and businesslike, which the clerk does, leaving a little wider space than usual between the first and last names. The book is then again presented to the bapy, and a pen with a very little ink in it is placed in the pudgy little fist. Sometimes the baby cries, but usually he grasps the pen vigorously and sets out to make a mark that shall be a mark indeed upon the white page-before him. The clerk, however, has had a deal of experience with babies, and is prepared for the move. He grasps the youngster's hand and holds it until the mother says:

"Let me do it."

Then she bends the baby over the great page until his little hand is almost at the spot where the name is to be, and with her own hand guiding that of the youngster, watches eagerly as the pen traces two little marks made X-shaped in the wide space between the two words of the name. Then she hugs the little fellow and coos in his surprised ears to distract his attention while the clerk takes the pen away. She gazes fondly at the "X" as the clerk puts away the pen, and then the big book is swung around again and baby's first signature is on record.

ture is on record.

Putting in money after the first deposit is

ture is on record.

Putting in money after the first deposit is a simple matter, but an interesting one to watch. Mondays are the great days for this. Then most of the working people of the town have their wages, and the first place to which they go with them is to the bank, if they have started an account and got into the habit of saying. Sometimes a whole family will come around every Monday for months to put in each a mite to add to the accounts onened in their different names. Generally families keep separate accounts in this way for each member. One reason is that all the banks have a limit beyond which they will not receive deposits for any one account. Few of the working people, it is true, ever reach this limit, but then they all think they may do so some day, and so they open accounts for the wife and the son, and the daughter and the baby, all separately.

The drawing out of the money is very like the putting of it in except for the matter of identification. Savings banks pay no money out except upon presentation of the deposit book, and then only when they have convinced themselves that the person presenting it is the actual depositor or bears a satisfactory written authority from the depositor. Generally it is a good deal of trouble to make this written authority satisfactory. The class of people who are the chief patrons of the savings banks generally live in a manner that makes them peculiarly likely to less their books or have them stolen, and were the book alone accepted as a voucher for the payment of the

the dampers are all right at once. Do you

money a good proportion of the money put into the banks would be drawn out by persons not entitled to receive it. Even as it is, money is sometimes paid to the wrong person but this is usually where the book has got into the hands of a close friend or relative of the depositor, who can imitate the signature and answer all the questions about tamily and other matters upon which the chief reliance is placed in the matter of identification.

the chief reliance is placed in the matter of identification.

To draw out money a slip similar to the deposit slip is filled up and handed in with the book to one clerk, who examines it and passes it along to the next. This one goes to the big signature book and compares the signature there with that upon the slip. If they are nearly enough alike to be fairly supposed to have been made by the same person, the clerk starts off asking over again the questions that were originally asked when the account was opened. People who want their money are apt to resent this. Women especially become indignant at some of the questions, particularly if the clerk lacks tact, as many of them do. "Hum! Mrs. Jones," reads the clerk, comparing the signatures. "Are you married, Mrs. Jones,"

"Cartainly, sir!"

Mrs. Jones?"
"Certainly, sir!"
"When!"
"In 1879."
"Um, yes." suspiciously. "What was your maiden name!" None of your business, sir," or its equiva-

"None of your business, sir," or its equivalent, is usually the answer.

An awkward hand at this business can keep himself in hot water all day and every day, by asking these idendification questions in this way. Old hands at the business do better, and can generally satisfy themselves that the person is who she claims to be by an apparently careless question or two. Often several years have elapsed between the time of opening the account and the time when the attempt to draw the money is made.

In such cases the depositor is, very likely, unable to remember some of the facts asked about. Men particularly are stumped often by the question as to where they lived at such and such a date, usually the date of the opening of the account. Most families move every few years, and it is really hard for a man to tell on the instant the exact date at which a removal was made. In such cases payment is often refused and the applicant advised to ge away and think a while or ask some of his family, and then come again.

Once the question of identity is settled

while or ask some of his family, and then come again.

Once the question of identity is settled the depositor is directed tosit in the benches and wait until he hears his name called, and the book and slip are passed around through the hands of two or three clerks, until all the entries have been made and the transaction properly recorded, when the last clerk to get the book sings out the name upon it and hands over book and cash to last clerk to get the book sings out the name upon it and hands over book and cash to the person who answers, not without a sharp look to see that it really is the same person yet, and not some stranger who has slipped in and stepped up for the money while the real owner may be sitting carelessly, not noticing the calling of his name.

In some of the large banks the matter of identification is systemized so that only a moment's time is lost. Information upon which to base questions as te every depositor, collected from the big book, is written upon little square cards, one card for each name, and these cards, arranged alphabetically, are arranged in a series of racks like drawers, which are placed at the back of the paying tellers. It is easy then for a teller to find the card of the person applying for money, glance at it, and get the basis for three or four questions which will satisfy him that the applicant is all right.

#### PHILOSOPHY AND FUN.

turn it when the talk is about the good acts of your neighbor.

A man who can't borrow money is willing the to stop just where we happened to be of your neighbor. to pay almost any rate of interest.

It is hard to make money, but you can

lose it without any labor.

If a man was built in such a way that he could pat himself on his back, some men would do nothing else.

The quarrel with the man who is too polite to give blows, and call names, is the quarrel that hurts longest and most.

A man's greatness makes his family creat; a woman's greatness makes here

A man's greatness makes his family great; a woman's greatness makes her family insignificant.

There are some nice people that you dislike without an effort.

A woman begins to find beauty in a man as soon as he shows that he likes her; but a man never discovers that a woman has freckles until he has mar ied her.

How hard the man who paints tries to bring the conversation around to artists!

The meanest things of a man's life are done without deliberation, and the meanest things of a woman's life are done without deliberation, and the meanest things of a woman's life are done with it. It is a very common thing to see a man who says wise things, and does foolish ones. No one has a poorer opinion of you than the man who has worked you for his own benefit.

As a rule people punish their friends more thus they do their enemies

As a rule people punish their friends more than they do their enemies.

LUCK OF THE MINERS. Peculiar Inclination That Led One to \$68,000 Worth of Nuggets.

While in southern California recently ound that there were many men working singly in placer mines under most adverse circumstances, and obtaining very small remuneration for their toil. Some of them succeeded in wasning out but \$2 or \$8 worth of

out, while the one wears the man out.

I thank heaven for one thing, that thare iz not in this wide world a human or inhuman being that i would not rather help than hurt. I find this sentiment in mi conscience or i wouldn't dare claim it; and i kno mi own conscience better than ennyboddy else dux.

The hury of gratifule is that a herger

The buty of gratitude iz that a beggar kan be azegrateful az a prince, and the power ov gratitude iz that "I thank you makes the beggar equal tew the prince. Prosaic Afterwards.

Adele-How did your husband sign his name on the hotel registers during your oneymoon trip? Hortense-Mr. Smith and his darling. Adele-How poetical!

Persistency of the Job Hunter [Puck.]

Division Superintendent-Didn't I tell Applicant—Yes, sir; but Saturday, when I called, it was last week; and now, Monday, it is this week.

I called it was last week; and now, Monday, it is this week.

LIFE IN A FLAT.

Personal Confession of One Who Knows It.

Uses of the Folding Bed and Kitchen Refrigerator Carefully Combined.

Painful Necessity of Dressing and Undressing All Over the House.

I know considerable about high life, have lived in the second or third stories of desirable flats or modern houses since I was put into short dresses. I have viewed the world from exalted heights, especially when I hung clothes in the garret on wash days, and I am prepared to say that although some people pay extra to live on the first floor front, they miss the very richness of existence. Cream always rises to the top.

1 have just meved out of apartments on the second story of a very narrow house. I think the architect who planned the building must have done it with one eye. Its whole width accommodated the width of an apartment of ordinary size so, instead of the rooms branching off from one another in their usual convenient fashion, they had formed a procession in Indian file from the front elevation to the coalhouse. If you were in the kitchen you had to go through every room in order to get to the front room You couldn't wander about that house-you

ould only go through it. The family of which I am a proud and valued member is not a small one. Families in flats never are. You will realize the truth of this if you ever come to live on the door underneath one of them.

I hope that no girl will ever tell one of my

Thope that no girl will ever tell one of my brothers that she will be a sister to him. There are too many of us now.

One of the results of large families living in small flats is the folding bed. They lean against the wall, trying to look like a book-case or a cabinet organ, but I can always tell them. When I see a piece of furniture looming up like a monument factory with against the wall, trying to look like a bookcase or a cabinet organ, but I can always
tell them. When I see a piece of furniture
looming up like a monument factory, with
a kind of a nothing-in-particular air about
it, then I know that it is a bed in disguise.
Our parlor was situated about midway
down the line of rooms so as to connect with
the front stairs. Two of us girls had a folding-bed in there. We used to arrange vases
and photograph holders upon it during the
daytime in our endeavors to conceal its
identity. Every other room except the
dining-room and culinary department
was the station for a bed, and when
we had company to stay all night we
used to spread canvas cots in the back hall.
I used to hum a sweet little song about "O!
but me in my little cot, mother!" but, since
affording accommodations for my visiting
relatives by spending a few nights out in the
back hall on a bier, with a tent roof for a
tick, I have refrained from petitioning my
mother to do any such thing.
It seems natural to those not accustomed

Those who seem now.

It is a woman the answer is bound to be it is it sow and the partly printed page, says:

The february of the partly printed page, says:

The partly printed page and printed printed page and printed printed page and printed page

when the knock came.
One cold winter's evening I stopped in

finding ten varieties of orchids at Portage Falls.

One time when my basque was hanging on a doorknob in the kitchen, when I was in the front room, and two callers in seal sacks were awaiting me in the parlor, I had to hail our grocery-man's errand boy as he was going by with a sack of flour and send him around into the kitchen with an order for my basque. I thought delivening basques would come rather natural to one used to carrying sacks. He brought it around to the front of the house all right, and I fished it up with a gilt cord off our mantel lambrequin.

Owing to the marriage of several of my sisters and the raising of the salaries of several of my brothers, we have fallen into the position where it seems incumbent upon us to live in the style which our income demands, and we have concluded to rent an entire house. From my long experience in flats I know that the ringing of a doorbell will always strike terfor to my soul, and know that I shall never entertain company without glancing uneasily at the sofa to see if we threw those stockings clear under out without glancing uneasily at the sofa to see if we threw those stockings clear under, out

To the Young Lady-After Marriage

[Golden Rule.] MY DEAR FRIEND-Since my last letter. hear that you have been married. That little golden circlet has united to your life another life forever; and there are a few things which you might just as well, in fac a good deal better, make up your mind ceeded in wasning out but \$2 or \$3 worth of gold dust per day, while a few of them occasionally washed out as high at \$10 worth per day. Many of them remain a very short time in the diggings, but others work away year after year in the hope of striking it rich some day.

They tell a story of one man who, after working in the place for years, suddenly working in the place for years, suddenly as for quail on toast, and pate de foie to now as at any other time. In the first They tell a story of one man who, after working in the place for years, suddenly conceived the idea of digging under a huge rock, over which a stream of clear water was falling, where he was in the habit of slaking his thirst, and after digging a sort of tunnel six or eight feet inward he was rewarded by the discovery of a pocket of nuggets from which he took out \$68,000 worth of gold.

Josh Billings' Philosophy.

[New York Weekly.]

Az good a way az i kno ov tew get at enny man's honesty iz tew divide what he claims tew hav by four, and then guess at what's left.

The text which haz been most preached from by the human family iz vanity.

There are az menny old phools in this world az young ones, and the old ones are the sillyest.

The public judge ov a man by his suck. Cess.

Avarice eats up everything, even ekonemy.

Hope iz a blind guide, but whare did you find a better one?

I like a wide-awake Christian, one whose virtew haz got some kayenne pepper in it. Indolence may not be a crime, but it iz liable tew be at enny time.

I am satisfied thare is more imaginary to be a crime, but it it liable tew be at enny time.

I hav sumtimes thought that the man with menny vices was safer than with one; for the menny vrces was safer than with one; for the menny vrces was safer than with one; for the menny vrces was safer than my in one; and the menny vrces was safer than my in one; and the man of the menny vrces was safer than my in one; and the menny vrces was safer than my in one; and the menny vrces was safer than my in one; and the man with menny vrces was safer than my in one; and the man with menny vrces was safer than my in one; and the process of the wear each other out, while the one wears the man out. I have wind the was reached in the past of the firm of the menny vrces was safer to was a since the firm. A way to the past of the firm of the money to the vices was safer to the money to the past of the firm of the past of the money to the past of the

Swagger Language. [New York Sun.] Words the swagger young woman must

use nowadays: "Chemist" for "druggist." "Fancy" for "suppose." 'Stop attome" for "stay at home." "Stop attome" for "stay at home."

"Function" for any kind of a social gathering, except a very gay ball, which must be called a "rout."

"Drawing-room" for "parior."

"Smart" for "oretty."

"Sweets" for "candy."

"Very well" for all kinds of assent.

"To tub" for "to take a morning bath."

"Clever" for "shrewd" or "knowing."

"To Lent" for "to withdraw from the world for the Lenten season."

To Test His Enthusiasm. [Puck.] Ernest Peachblow (to the new boarder

untathomable.

Miss Latite - May I help you to some of the hash, Mr. Peachblow? BRIC-A-BRAC.

> Love's River. [From the German.] Say, when is love the purest? "When self therein is drowned." And when is love the deepest? "When stillest it is found."

terious, to delve into the regions of the un-known, to fathom, as we may say, the

Windows. Emma C. Dowd, in Youth's Companion.] Open the windows of thy mind, That wisdom may an entrance find. Open the windows of thy heart,

Open the windows of thy soul, That Heaven's peace may thee enroll. Advice to Lovers. [Pittsburg Bulletin.

That love and joy thou mayst impart.

But never put your love in ink! Then never by the girl you've woodd For breach of promise you'll be sued. Why? [Chicago News.]

A maiden vows she'll never wed. Why?
That she would rather far be dead.

Soften at my approach; like traitors, they Extend me aid and comfort—though the fray Continues stoutly, and your tongue denies My siege availing aught to win the prize— For, of a happy light I caught a ray. Ere fell the lashes, gladdening the day With promise fond, of love without disgni And/so my heart doth undismayed abide;

Though frown or frost or feigned indifference Toward me you wear, a gracious confidence Is mine, that sometime will be justified; For since those eyes your will dare disobey, Twere craven their revealings to gainsay Tasso to Leonora.

Louise Chandler Moulton in the Atlantic Monthly. In the vast realms of unconjectured space, Where devious paths eternally outspread; Where farthest stars their mighty marches tread, And unknown suns through unknown systems pace, What power can give our longing hearts the grace To follow feet that long ago have fied-Among the thronging populace of the dead To find the welcome of the one dear face?

Nay, were we dust, and had no lips to speak, Our very atoms on the winds blown by
Would meet, and cling, whatever might befall.

Pride and Riches and princely Place Had fought for a maiden's heart, But every smile of her lovely face She turned on worshipped Art. And braggart Art, with a boastful air, Said unto his rivals three, Though poor my dwelling and plain my fare, Behold! she stays with me. But lo! one day ere the year grew cold, Over the hills of desire

And unto Art quoth he: "I have no house and I have no home, But your mistress follows me." Lace and a Woman. [Merchant Traveler.] She has some lace about her throat,

For when she slightly lifts her skirt In crossing some too sloppy street. There is a flash, an instant's flirt, It somehow fits her, all this lace. It's delicate and picturesque; It fits her softness and her grace-Here I sit mooning at my deak

Some other train of thought I'll try; Too real a dream of lace I've had, I Go My Gait. [Ada Iddings Gale in the Inter-Ocean.] I go my gait, with ne'er a whine

Whether in paths of woe or bliss
I go my gait. I go my gait, be smile or frown My portion on life's thoroughfare, Upward I look and never down; A smiling face I choose to wear

I go my gait. go my gait, all sure of this-Who pushes steadily ahead Must gain at last some goal of bliss, If hungry will at last be fed. With dauntless heart and dauntless tread

To ---. [Flavel Scott Mines in Judge.] Across the zenith goes, So faintly thy long lashes shroud Thine hair has caught the golden light

When winter hoar no longer holds The young year in his gripe, And bleating voices fill the folds, And sweet words in her ear For springtime is the season, sure, Since love's game first was played,

And all the buds are blown, And O, 'tis joy to dream and doze In meadows newly mown; Then take her where the grayling leaps, And where the dabchick dives, Or where the bees in clover reap A maid that's kissed will kiss again.

Then pelt you with the hay. When sickles ply among the wheat,

If you be bold, she won't be coy, Nor ever say you no, Say no, Nor ever say you no.

To keep their blood alive; Then lead her where, when vows are heard, The church bells peal and swing, And as the parson speaks the word. To live and work alone: But what to him is snow or rime,

Who calls his love his own?

Say what you will when she's alone; Say what you do or do not think; You e'en may use the telephone,

But as the years on rapid wing Stretch out behind her like a string She prays: "O Lord, send anything."

Betrayal. [D. A. Kellogg in Springfield Republican.] "Drink to me only with thine eyes."

Nay! Let the souls throng round us! I am I, And you are you! We should not vainly seek; Would you not hear, though faint and fas, my

Art and Love. (Ella Wheeler Wilcox in Pittsburg Builetin.)

One came riding whose gaze was bold. And his eye was an eye of fire. He looked in her face, he whispered "Come,"

About her wrists some lace I see; Upon her pretty hat I note A bit of lace—and now I see, Of lace that's somewhere near her feet.

Or murmurous tone at that or this, Deep burying in this heart of mine Regret for joys that I may miss.

As hand in hand, sometimes with care,

The fairest blue of summer skies Is dull and dim before thine eyes. And as fleecy wind-sped cloud

Of Phoebus in his noon-day night; And hands hast thou like those divine Of marble, seeming cold: But ah! they live when held in mine As marble lived of old. Thy love to aught on earth to compare Is even more than I would dare: I feel that such a perfect love Will never from me part: The name, my love, left blank above,

I hold within my heart. The Lover's Song. [Alfred Austin in New York Tribune,]

And biackbirds pair and pipe;
Then coax the malden where the sap
Awakes the woodlands drear,
And pour sweet wild flowers in her lap, When tender thoughts begin to lure
The heart of April maid,
Of maid,
The heart of April maid.

When June is wreathed with wilding ross

The harvest for their hives.
For summer is the season when,
If you but know the way, Then pelt you with the hay.

The hay,

Then trundle home the sheaves, And there's a rustling of the feet Through early fallen leaves; Entice her where the orchard glows With apples plump and tart, And tell her plain the thing she knows, And ask her for her heart.

For autumn is the season, boy,

To gather what we sow;

When woodmen clear the coppice lands, And such the hornbeam drive, And stamp their feet, and chafe their bands

ut what to him is show.
Who calls his love his own.
His own.

How sweet it is to see your shining eyes

vivid description he must have had a glorious time with the spooks.

I think "Zanoni" is based on the stories of the Rosicruscians, who were suspected to be able to place themselves in two or three places at the same time, and to prolong their lives almost indefinitely, or on the same powers ascribed to the Buddhist adepts in India, as, for example, Koot-Hoomie-Lal-Sing, the Buddhist hermit, who is supposed to be the "control" of Mme. Blavasky, and who is said to be over 2000 years old. They say he can project his astral body to the most distant parts of the earth with rapidity of thought. Bulwer spent some time at Simla, and no doubt based his story on the traditions current regarding this power. I think that T. Marion Crawford also founded his beautiful work, "Mr. Isaacs," on the stories current in India regarding the powers of the theosophists. If I mistake not, Mr. Crawford was associated with the Allahabad Pioneer, one of the leading English papers in India, on the occasion of my last visit to that country.

Wellaris Chest Story.

the be able to place themselves in two or three piaces at the same time, and to prolong their lives almost indefinitely, or on the same owers ascribed to the Buddist adepts in India, as, for example, Koothelm and the same of the same owers ascribed to the Buddist adepts in India, as, for example, Koothelm and the same of the same of the door on which I show the supposed to be the "control" of Mme. Blavasky, and who is said to be over 2000 years old. They say he can be over 2000 years old. They say he can be over 2000 years old. They say he can be over 2000 years old. They say he can be over 2000 years old. They say he can be over 2000 years old. They say he can be over 2000 years old. They say he can be over 2000 years old. The say he can be over 2000 years old. The say he can be over 2000 years old. The say he can be over 2000 years old. The say he can be over 2000 years old. The say he can be over 2000 years old. The say he can be over 2000 years old. The say he can be over 2000 years old. The years of the say he years of the years of years o

we all were very much astonished, and more or less excited, Ling Look was very nuch worked up, and exclaimed. "That is Yamadeva whistling," and answered the call by our well-known tioo-ti-ti!

This was immediately answered by the correct reply, ti-i-i-i-o.

Ling Look now gave the first call, ti-ta-ti-tati tati.

This was immediately answered by the invisible power with tioctith.

The calls were repeated by Ling several times, and each time the correct reply came from the air above. The night was clear and bright, and no one was concealed on deck, as every place was carefully searched.

and bright, and no one was concealed on deck, as every place was carefully searched.

The ship's officers at first made light of the affair, but when the whistling was repeated, and Ling Look would tell them beforehand what answer to expect, they became as much excited as we, and the captain said it was the most wonderful thing he ever experienced in his life.

Ling Look insisted on opening the coffin to see 't Yamadeva was really dead, and when he riewed the body he said: "Yamadeva is calling me, and I must go with him."

GHOSTS! DREAMS!

characters which did not exert in the dreams. I never trigat to Invent a subern that the substitute of the dreams. I never trigat to Invent a substitute of the dreams. I never the dreams of the dreams of the dreams. I never trigate to Invent a substitute of the dreams. I never trigate to Invent a substitute of the dreams of the dreams. I never trigate to Invent a substitute of the dreams of the substitute of the substit

awful truth became clear to my mind. I shrieked afoud, and made a wild dash down the stairs to Jerome's room. The faint gray light of the breaking day The lamit gray light of the breaking day fell directly across his motionless figure. I advanced with a halting, staggering gait, and peered into his face. It was ashen. My eyes glared in horrible apprehension 2s I placed one hand upon his forehead. The touch chilled me from head to foot like ice, He was dead, unmistakably dead. Then I fled from the room, and for a time knew no more.

more.
I will pass over the hours of desperate

I will pass over the hours of desperate agony that followed. Suffice it to say that although I feel perfectly irresponsible for Jerome's death. I yet knew instinctively that I had murdered him. The empty vial, my unaccountable presence in the hall. my dream, all pointed to a shocking and loath-some reality. I knew that on my soul rested the burden of this horrrible crime. Then came the second chapter in the tragedy. The trouble and excitement incident to the calamity that had occurred in the house caused Emily to be utterly prostrated. I had not seen her since that fatal morning when I awoke to find myself branded as a murderer. Like a criminal I hid in my roem, overwhelmed with sorrow, remors—despair. Then I remember I heard that she, too, was ill, and that my professional services were required a second time.

The misery that took possession of me knew no bounds, I was in mortal terror now as to what I should do.

ton of New York. It is the story of a haunted house, which Mr. Hamilton occupied for one night, and according to his vivid description he must have had a glorious time with the spooks.

I think "Zanoni" is based on the stories of the Rosicruscians, who were suspected to be able to place themselves in two or three places at the same time, and to protong their lives almost indefinitely, or on the same newers against to the Buddhist that stream of the door on which I the same newers against the band of the door on which I the same newers against the band of the door on which I the stream of the story of a transfer at time by a loud rap at my door.

Springing out of bed, I drew the bolt, and inquired what was wanted.

To my utter astonishment Emily stood before me, her white wrapper barred with yellow moonlight that streamed through the shutter in the hail. Her hair, long and glotaed in shining strands over her shoulders. She appeared to be greatly agitated, while as for me I was so overcome by the unexpected sight of her there to the surgical operator!

To my utter astonishment Emily stood before me, her white wrapper barred with yellow moonlight that streamed through the shutter in the hail. Her hair, long and glotaed in shining strands over her shoulders. She appeared to be greatly agitated, while as for me I was so overcome by the unexpected sight of her the stream of the university—were gathered in his post at the hospital. A number of friends—his former fellows and floated in shining it will be a number of the university—were gathered in his room. They were chiefly occupied in sipping lemon punch and chaffing I even in the door.

To my utter astonishment Emily stood before me, her white wrapper barred with yellow moonlight that streamed through the shift of the number of friends—his former fellows and the proving some months after Tiernay and been assigned to his post at the hospital. In unwher the university—were gathered in his room. They were chief to his post at the hospital.

To my utter astonishment Emi sit sping [emon punch and charting Hernay to their hearty content. And what do von the the strict content. And what do von the the strict content. And what do von the the strict content. And what do von the strict content. And what do von the strict content. And and an advanced state of the strict of the strict content. An advanced state of the strict content. When the heart of her continement cannot it was evident to the strict content. When the heart of ever an advanced state of the strict content is not the strict content. When the heart of ever an advanced state of the strict content is not the strict content. When the heart of certain specific data, live one from a medical standardous the strict content is not the strict content. The strict content is not the strict content is not the strict content in the strict content is not the strict content in the strict content is not the strict content in the strict content is not the strict content in the strict content is not the strict content in the strict content is not the strict content in the strict content in the strict content is not the strict content in the strict cont

tion as this! After all. I am obliged to spoil my ghost story, as all ghost stories must be spoiled if you search deeply enough until you get at the truth. Tiernay was simply

you get at the truth. Tiernay was simple the victim of a practical loke, terrible is its results. His guests had contrived to connect a galvanic battery with the corpse and had thus been enabled at the critica moment to galvanize it into life. Owing the severe study Tiernay's nerves were unstrung, and the awful results described followed.

THE CAREFUL MESSENGER.

A pound of tea at one and three, And a pot of raspberry jam, Two new-laid eggs, a dozen pegs.

ONE EARTHQUAKE SOLO

Played on the Harp by Bowser Was Enough.

It Dreve the Cook from the House and Made the Neighbers Wrathy.

Persuaded at Length that He was no Givoni, He Smashes the Lyre.

When Mr. Bowser unlocked the front door one night this winter he did it so softly, and he made so little noise in the hall, that I suspected something wrong. Re came into the sitting-room looking rather sheepish, and like a man who had something on his mind, but I asked no ques-

something on his mind, but I asked no duestions, and he volunteered no information until after supper. Then he suddenly asked: "Do you keep up your piano practice?" "Oh, yes. You hate music, and so I don't play when you are here."
"I hate music! What are you talking about?" out?"
You have often compared my playing to day came for torture. the sounds of beating on an old tin pan."
"Well, of course, you are a poor player, and your voice is cracked; but so far as music is concerned—real music—it fills my soul with joy."
"But you never slow as also."

But you never sing or play."
'Haven't had time heretofore, but now

"You intend to."
"Yes. I feel the need of something to make home more pleasant—to offer more diversion during the long hours of evening. I think I shall learn the harp." "At your age."

"At your age."

"That's it! That's what I expected to hear! What's the matter with my age? I am neither blind, speechless or crippled. Pliny went at it and learned six languages after he was seventy years old."

wagon?"
Next day a dark-skinned man who said he Next day a dark-skinned man who said he was a grandson of the late Givoni, came up and gave Mr. Bowser a lesson, and the cook, who had almost consented to stay, suddenly rose up and rushed after her bundle. When ready to go she whispered to me:

"I'm sorry, mum; sorry for you that's left! If the child dies, send me word and I'll come and do all in my power."

Mr. Bowser took four lessons in all, and then told his teacher that his services would be no longer required. He took the last two lessons in the barn in order, as he said, to surprise me.

lessons in the barn in order, as he said, to surprise me.

On the evening of the last lesson he brought in the harp just as a couple of the neighbors came in. He promptly responded to an invitation to show off, but had not labored two minutes when one of the gentlemen asked:

"Have you any particular object in that. Mr. Bowser?"

"Of course he has," replied the other. "It is an imitation of a great calamity in Japan—buildings shaken down by an earthquake—flames devouring the ruins—husbands shouting—wives praying—children sobbing—dogs barking, etc. Is it your own composition, Mr. Powser?"

"Why—why, don't I play all right? The teacher said i was making wonderful progress."

They beckened him out into the alley and



boys paraded up and down, each harping on a piece of that harp, Mr. Bowser never let on that he saw or heard anything.—; Detroit Free Press.

THE SCOUT'S STORY.

"The most ticklish adventure I ever went through," said the scout, "was when I dressed up like an Indian and walked into their war intentions. I pretended I was an A Chat About Republican Prespects in that our tribe wanted to make an alliance with them. Victorio and his men swallowed the story, and sent me to the lodge at the chief's house.
"There I saw the prettiest girl. Lan-i-to-

mis they called her, who had been captured now been forced to marry an ugly faced Injun, 'Mountain Goat.' He and I took a dislike to each other at once, and one day he got a dozen braves to seize me and scrub military school and rose to the command of off my paint to see if I was a real Injun. me Army of the Tennessee, was telling me

said if I would join them I should not be trade and development in the far West. Injun gal, who's now my wife states asked the chief, but he said she had run away, I could have any two others, but that away, I could have any two others, but that are times in Dakota?"

"Yes. The trouble with the agricultural "Yes. The trouble with the agricultural that they have been may be a simple of the said she had run away, I could have any two others, but that they have been may be a simple of the said she had run away. I could have any two others, but that Injun gal, who's now my wife Maria. I are now all with the Union Pacific."

day came for torture.

"First they tied me to a post and danced the war-dance round me; then they shot arrows at me, being careful not to hit, and then flung knives and hatchets. For all that I didn't care any more than I did for the yelling. Then they got dry cacus thorns and stuck my chest full of 'em.

"That hurt bade enough, but it was nothing to what came afterward. Them thorns are greasy like, and they'll burn same as a pine knot. They lighted 'em, and there i was, with about two dozen little flames reasting me in spots. Hurt! Waal, it just did hurt. When the thorns burnt down to the skin they went on burning inside. Man, I thought I should die with the pain. Look here!"

And lack pulled up the looke sleave (m. and there in the shipping freights between the seaboard and Liverpool. They will take all the corn that is offered them and move it when the railroads give a low rate, and

And Jack pulled up the loose sleeve. On his arm were lots of small white scars almost touching each other.

"I faced 'em out. I didn't beg for mercy, or cry or moan. They lowed I was the best man they'd had for a long time, and once more Victorio begged me to join 'em. He told me what would happen the next day. I'd be hung up by the hands and shot full of arrows, and then be staked out and have a fire kindled on my stomach, which would finish me. I tell you it made me swear to hear the old man talk, but I didn't give in.

"That might I was lying in the lodge, suffering awful from the burns, and I couldn't sleep. Sitting by me was three Iniuns on guard. At last I could see through the open door the first streaks of light, and I thought of what I'd have to go through that day. It made me shiver, and It I'd had a weapon I'd have killed myself then and there.

"Suddenly I heard a noise of dogs barking, and the next minute I heard a yell of an Indian, then some shots, more yells and a general fusilade, My guards bounded out of the lodge, and there was the most awful noise.

"I could see the Injuns running past the

"Laying Gaehe aside." said Cassius one day. "tell me. 'Mortheen.' have you no usedul reforms to suggest?"
"I have." replied "Mortheen." in excelent English divested of stone bruises. "And what is more, I have written them out."
Here he handed Cassius a roll of manuscript. written in a fine hand and containing numerous excellent suggestions well aspressed. Cassius has room only for the following hints:

1. Be sure the elevator is going the way you want it to go before you get on.

2. Don't make a rush for the door, as others will follow you and you all can't get in at once.

n at once.

". When you get on the car don't stand near the door; move in and make room for thers.

Don't ask the elevator boy a dozen

population of the far West is the interstate

ere! And Jack pulled up the loose sleeve. On they just add the figures on the other end, and consequently the demand slackers at Liverpool on account of the high rate. The interstate commerce bill, I suppose, is going to remain. That seems to be in the air. It

> farmer, but benefits the East." Speaking about Dakota, Gen. Dodge remarked, "I wonder at the composition of the minds of men who expect in this age to establish a lottery in one of our Northern States. That effort seems to have been made in Dakota. What could be more absurd than a State commencing with pro-hibitory liquor and a legalized lottery. No. there are some persons who know so little about public opinion that they think the most proposterous suggestions will be re-

does no good, however, to the Western

ceived.'

ceived."

"I understand that Kansas is not in a good condition, having too much railroad and too little growth of population?"

"Don't you believe it. The next census will show that Kansas has nearly doubled her population in 10 years."

"Do you still live at Council Bluffs?"

"Yes. I have seen that place come up from a ferry bluff to be a city of 30,000 people. Omaha on the other side. which seemed to languish for a while, has 125,000 people. Denver has grown up to 150,000."

"What do you think of the Republican prospects for the presidency in 1892?"

"Do you mean the candidate? I don't think Blaine is going to be prominent again. think Blaine is going to be prominent again. I am told that he keeps very closely housed. and has no reawakened ambition to mal another campaign. There is some sort of

Fatality About Blaine. Wherever he is put he seems to meet with some misfortune. Here he has lost his most vivacious son and his married daughter. Tom Reed has become an attractive man to a good many of the old-fashioned Republicans, as well as the young ones. Robert Lincoln is a striking instance of slow growth. Wherever that man has been put he has guide for the detachment, she came back with them, and while the fight was going on had hunted me up just in time.

"Some of the injunsgotaway, others were killed and others captured. Maria and is went back with the troops, and when we reached the fort we were married. I'd saved some money, and we came here to California, where I made some more, and we got this ranch."

RUNNING AN ELEVATOR.

Globe's Linguistic Manipulator Tells

How It is Done.

The Globe has an elevator boy, who, in addition to being faithful and efficient. speaks a tongue that once furnished song for the music of Tara's harp. He has been alighted upon his feet. He is averse to politics, and I do not suppose that ne could be induced to accept a presidential nomination. That is the way with things in this world; those who want anything are refused it, and those who do not want is are besought to accept it. Robert Lincoln has a good deal of the growth of his father; his father had been a long time in the public we before he capitalized and overflowed. Those who grow slowly yet do not postpone too long their culmination, finally meet the public wish, and are there at your side without your know ng of it."

Mr. Einstein of this city has been a member of Congress and is a presidential nomination. That is the way with things in this world; those who want anything are refused it, and those who do not want is are besought to accept a presidential nomination. That is the way with things in this world; those who want anything are refused it, and those who do not want is are besought to accept a presidential nomination. That is the way with things in this world; those who want anything are refused it, and those who do not want is a refused it, and those who grow who do not want is a presidential nomination. That is the way with things in this world; those who want anything are refused it, and those who grow and out want is a presidential nomination. That is the way with things in this world; those who want anything are refused it, and those who grow and alighted upon his feet. He is averse to

speaks a tongue that once furnished song for the music of Tara's harp. He has been axious for a long time to find some body who might engage with him in a "shanaos," and passengers were often startled by language like this:

"Ca hi wil thu?"

This was repeated many a time, but elicited no respon until a lean and hunguage like this:

"This was repeated many a time, but elicited no respon until a lean and hunguage like this:

"This was repeated many a time, but elicited no respon until a lean and hunguage like this:

"This evidently made the elevator boy's heart glad, for ever since that response he and Cassius have a "shanaos" which is Greek to the other passengers.

"Laying Gaelic aside," said Cassius one day, "tell me, 'Mortheen,' have you no useful reforms to suggest?"

"I have," replied "Mortheen," in excellent English divested of stone bruises. "And what is more, I have written them out."
Here he handed Cassius a roll of manuscript, written in a fine hand and contain ing numerous excellent suggestions well expressed. Cassius has room only for the following hints:

1. Be sure the elevator is going the way

"I don't know how it is; out Harrison does not seem to go down with the politicians and not much with the people. Do you aprowing when the politicians and to tumch with the people. Do you aprowing when he perture to said out much with the people. Do you aprowing when he perture to you were much in his retirement? I certainly admire him, though I am a Republican and vote with my party. I like the way he bears himself since he has been defeated. I heard him make a speech some time ago and his manke a speech s

and when he promised anything he meant to use all his exertions to have the promise him a treasure in every respect. He increased his pay, and thought that he was a ludge, then, his surprise when The state of the first product of the control of th publicans here were pleased with his promotion. They would be also pleased to see him promoted higher, if the Democratic

so much a picture of real life as a picture of what life is expected to be. The dresses of the Napoleonic period, worn by generally good-looking women, were charming to see. After all, the interest of the piece was in Napoleon himself. He was represented as rather self-contained, slightly romantic, but with suggestions of reserve power which took hold of the imagination of the average person at the theatre. The Interstate Law Out

West.

West.

West.

West.

West.

West.

West.

West.

A Chat About Republicar Prespects in the fine stream of the average person at the theatre. The influence of Napoleon Bonaparte in the United States is greater upon the imaginations of a large number of people than any of any other man. This is evident from the enormous sales of Napoleon's portraits here. I have an acquaintance who is continually ransacking France and the continent for pictures of Napoleon. Some of them high priced, than any of any other man. This is evident from the enormous sales of Napoleon's portraits here. I have an acquaintance who is continually ransacking France and the continent for pictures of Napoleon. Some of them high priced, to the sale is a portrait of Napoleon of them high priced. The sale is a portrait of Napoleon of the average person at the theatre. The influence of Napoleon of a large number of people than any of any other man. This is evident from the enormous sales of Napoleon's portraits here. I have an acquaintance who is continually ransacking France and the continent for pictures of Napoleon's portraits here. I have an acquaintance who is continually ransacking France and the continent for pictures of Napoleon's portraits here. I have an acquaintance who is continually ransacking france and the continent for pictures of Napoleon of

W. H. H. MURRAY ON COLTS Noted Admirer of the Horse Gives an Entertaining Talk.

What is the one thing above all others that a speedy colt should have, and without which he is and will ever be worthless? Good legs, good feet, a strong back, an thing. There is one other thing he needs, and so vitally important is it that unless he has it all the other are of no account.

What is it?

Lungs! In the first place he needs large lungs— the larger the bellows the stronger the Then the lung substance should be of fine quality, elastic and tough; able to bear the pressure of fullest inflation and the shock of a sudden collapse without while the close air is almost devoid of oxygen, he comes struggling up the home

wind gave out.

"Exactly. Your bones were all right; your feet didn't pain you; your muscles would have worked on for a mile; your grit or determination to beat was of the highest; but your wind gave out; your lung power was inadequate.

Nature knows all this, and acts up to her knowledge faithfully. How she exercises her coits in the wild state; see how she sends them tearing wildly through the bushes, jumping brooks, leaping stumps and boulders; racing headlong over the hills, sending them whirling onward until their necks are moist, their nostrils distended to their utmost curve and their flanks all a-quiver.

And this, remember, she does daily, week in and week out, the whole year round. wind gave out.
"Exactly. Your bones were all right;

And this, remember, she does daily, week in and week out, the whole year round.

Now, friend, do let that colt out of the stable. Don't keep him penned up any longer. Open the door and let him out in the vard. Pon't stop there. Having begun, having started in a good direction, keep on and open the yard gate and let him out into the road or lot.

the road or lot.

What he wants is room, room, plenty of room, look! See him go down the road there—tail over his back, head lifted and swinging from side to side. How he opens out. Trotter? Guess he is. Couldn't help from being; he was bred right. Good heavens, what a gait! A perfect slasher, isn't he?

Now he has stopped. See him thrust his muzzle into the air, inflate his sides and blow. You are a regular buck, yes you are. See, he comes. No trot now. The sharp air and the glorious seuse of freedom has a contract the state of the state air and the glorious sense of freedom has charged him as if with an electric current, and his body is quivering with the ecstasy of motion!
See him lay down to it; neck straight as a goose when in flight; nose out. Hark! See his heels go into the air, the rascal. How could he recover in time. Whoa, boy! Whoa, boy! Come up here, you scamp, Here's an apple for you. Like it, don't you? Dudn't want to be shut up in the cold stall.

Didn't want to be shut up in the cold stall, did you? None of that, you rogue! Get away from me. Now go it again. Hi—Friend, have you a colt? Yos? Well, then, let him out! MUST FIRST SERVE FRANCE

of His Heart. "To arms! To arms! March on! March on!"
These words from the French national

anthem have pervaded the precincts of a well-known restaurant during the past They have been hummed and whistled in every key and tune, and occasionally have

been sung. About a year ago the proprietor engaged fixture. Judge, then, his surprise when Alphonse informed him a few days ago that he would have to return to France, at the same time showing the following letter from his father, which is here translated from the French:

PARIS, Feb. 15, 1890.



The Arkansas Mule is the name of a new Helena paper.
This sentence contains all letters of the English alphabet: J. Gray packed with my box five dozen quills.

A very large letter was mailed recently in Bechuanaland. It weighed 238 ounces, and the value of the stamps on it came to \$55. A short-hand reporter in Placer county, Cal., charged for punctuation marks as if Cal., charged for punctuation marks as they were words, and the county wan \$104.30 refunded.

In filling out a death certificate a Pennsylvania doctor inadvertently wrote his name in the blank space reserved for "cause of death." In a New York local court this week a Chinaman, who was called as a witness, took the oath by lighting a parlor match and blowing it out.

and blowing it out.

In Utica. N. Y., tradesmen of all sorts not only sell their delinquent accounts at a public sale, but advertise them at full length in the papers.

After 40 years of Mormon rule, all the city of Salt Lake has to show is some sets of books that the most expert bookkeeper in the universe cannot balance.

An instrument has been invented in Berlin by means of which an exact differential diagnosis of diseases of the lungs will be possible. The inventor is Dr. Janiczewski.

A silk handkerchief, so often recom-

A silk handkerchief, so often recom-mended for wiping spectacles or eyeglasses, is not good for this purpose, as it makes the glasses electrical and causes the dust to ad-here to them. open gait, a fine temper, a desire to go?

All these are good things for a speedy colt to have, but not one of them is the chiefest thing. There is one other thing he needs.

War. It is believed that one of the vessels

Some idea of the amount of plates kept by the Methodist Book Concern in New York may be formed from the fact that the agents have just sold for old metal over 50 tons of old plates and type.

ord plates and type.
Flowers are rented instead of purchased at Washington, and a clever florist recently used the same flowers at an early afternoon lunch, at a 5 o'clock tea and at a card reception in the evening.

oxygen, he comes struggling up the home stretch with the pressure of voice and whip upon him and his rival at his shoulder.

Bone structure never won such a race; muscles never won it, blood and grit and perfect gait never enabled the winner to get home then and there. It is lungs, and lungs alone, big, well developed, tough in their substance and elastic in their quality, which win in such conflicts.

Do you wish for a demonstration of the great truth I am writing? Then try a short race yourself. Start off with a jump and run even 40 rods with all your might. Before you have covered the distance you wilk know where your lungs are, I warrant, and the value of wind.

Now, tell me, what was it that gave out first? What made you slow up or quit?"

"Shortness of breath," you say. "My wind gave out."

"Exactly, Your bones were all right:

Johnson Brand, who died in Van Buren

The largest tree in the world is reported to have been recently found in California, measuring 176 feet in cir umference at a distance of six feet from the ground. This would give a diameter of about 60 feet at that point.

Calhoun, in Illinois, is the banner county of the Union. There is not within it a railroad, telegraph, bank or express office. The county jail has not had an inmate for five years, and the courts rarely have any law-

Whenever William E. Gladstone catches cold he at once goes to bed. This has been his rule for 15 years. It is an interesting fact not generally known that he wrote his election address announcing the dissolution of Parliament in 1874 in bed.

Thunderstorms are more frequent in Java than in any other part of the globe. On an average they occur in the island on 97 days in the year. In England the average marks thunderstorms on about seven days in the year—only half the number recorded in France. A Seattle young lady found a horseshoe, and wishing for good luck, placed it under her pillow with her false teeth. In the morning in the hurry of dressing she sub-

The crown of the late sultan of Perak was sold recently at Singapore, by order of his estate, after having done service for a long line of Malay sultans. It is of gold, studded with 1000 jewels, and was valued at \$37,000, but the price it fetched was not ansured.

on a recent trial in Wales to test the validity of a will, it was proved that in 1869 the testator became impaired in intellect to such an extent that he went to the post office with a postage stamp on his forehead, and requested to be sent to the place he mentioned.

In China the man who lives nearest the scene of a murder is accused of the crime, and he must prove his innocence or else stand the punishment. It doesn't take a Chinese detective long to find a clue, and thus thousands of dollars are saved, if the accused is not.

Talk about your long sermons, here is one that leads the procession. In the cathedral

that leads the procession. In the cathedral notices for holy week of the Oxford Diocesan Gazette appears the following: "In that week Evensong will be said at 8 p. m., and a sermon preached from Monday till Friday inclusive."

Friday inclusive."

The mail carrier between Smithville and Sparta. Tenn., reports that a barrel containing a live baby about a week old was found floating down the Carey Fork river, and caught at the mouth of Indian creek. The barrel had floated about 50 or 70 miles, but was in good shape when found.

was in good shape when found.

A unique dinner party is soon to be given by one of the leading society men of Kome, Ga., at which the young ladies will attend, 12 in number, and will wear gowns of different colors, with flowers of the same shade. The souvenirs will be handsome fans imported for the occasion.

David K.ine, a farmer, living near Friedensburg, Ga., says that during the last three years he has not slept on the average of two hours out of 24. He never feels sleepy, nor does he seem to suffer from the loss of sleep. He does not lie down when he sleeps, but takes his nap in a chair.

A humpbacked man at Chicago gets a

# GLOSSY LINEN

That Goes the Rounds of Steam Laundry.

Machines That Wash One Hundred Shirts at Once.

Laundry Lingo-A Horrible Error-Fish Bags.

"How many shins came in today?"
"Got that barber shop tied up yet?"

"Pull that family on to the elevator!"
"Charlie, lug that ship out!" "Where's those other two families?" The above expressions convey little or n definite meaning to the uninitiated; but to the workers in a big laundry are as clear as

daylight. Here are some more of them: 'This ship's got to be out of here by 4

'Has that family been taken to the South

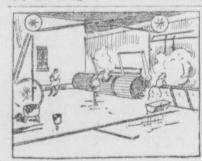
Go into a big steam laundry almost any day and expressions like the above will confuse you more than the hieroglyphics on a tea chest. Upon inquiry, however, you will learn that a "ship" means ship clothing "barbershop" barber's towels, and "family" family clothes, all of which have been fetched to the laundry to go through the different processes incidental to washing

Whether or no those processes are suc cessful depends much on the condition of the water used, and also no less on the temperament of the customer. Women will nsist that if they had the time they could do up their husbands shirts far better than any laundry, and the irate husband, as he finds the inner surface of his shirt-neck too much like sand paper, will long for the palmy days when men could get wives who knew something more than painting cracked china, or drumming out excruciating sonatas.

Say it's 6.30 p. m., and Mr. Talkmuch is expected to make an after dinner speech at the Crank Club. His dress suit is ready and his wife is hunting for collar buttons. The post-prandial orator snatches his solitary dress shirt and yells:

"Ella, come and put these diamond studs in my bosom will you? "I'm looking for collar buttons," replies

"Oh, let the collar buttons go; I'm in a hurry. Well, I be blowed, if that's what they call doing up a dress shirt! Why



THE NEW WAY.

didn't you show this to me before? Think I'd wear that to a banquet? I wouldn't wear it to a dog fight!"
"Here are the studs." Ella says quietly.
"Oh hang the studs! Here's a \$5 bill; send somebody for a shirt all done up."
And because the shirt from the laundry was striped or streaked here and there with blue, black lines, the post-prandial orator appears at the club dinner with a ready-made-for-the-occasion shirt. But he makes the hit of the evening for he talks on shirts, surpassing the greatest expectations makes the hit of the evening for he talks on shirts, surpassing the greatest expectations of the most noted crank on that subject. It would take the starch out of the stiffest laundryman to hear the grolleries and ludicrous sallies evolved at his expense.

Yet, despite the ridicule, the laundryman cheerfully continues his war on dirt. How much disease he thus prevents one cannot calculate. But he does more. He imparts a winteness and smoothness to a shirt bosom that makes many a dear girl oute willing to lean her lovely head upon some manly breast.

No girl can be expected to lean her head upon a manly breast, unless said manly breast is shielded by an enticing shirt bosom.

pose of getting the full benefit of the hug, as the mind is too much occupied with more delightful thoughts. However, if the girls evince a decided preference for necks without collars. I may find time to invent an automatic collar that may be removed and replaced by pressing a button.

Personally I have no use for such a contrivance. But I'm willing to perfect it, for the convenience of others and for the sake of the shekels that may accrue therefrom. My own idea of a collar is one that will keep draughts from zephyring down my neck when I am riding in the cars.

And if some laundryman will devise a plan for so doing up said collar that locamotive cinders and coal dust will refuse to stick to it. I promise him the benefit of an advertisement.



But it is seldom mistakes occur here.
Every piece is marked with indelible ink where bossible, or a sewed on mark. Each customer has a corresponding mark or number on the book in the office, which prevents errors from happening every day or other day. But they will happen about every other month, and the offending employe is never detected.

If the customer feels like killing anybody he therefore attacks the head of the concern. Little things like this relieve the monotony of being a laundryman and having no kickers. Yet few fatalities occur. If they do occur they are "the result of a mistake" as the laundryman will explain when a wrathy customer rushes into the office, hurls a bundle on the floor, and shouts:

omee, nurs a bundle on the moor, and shours:

"This is getting too thin, sir! I don't propose to be taken for a woman or a fool either. This thing has happened once before. Does that confounded stuff belong to me? Does it look like anything worn by man since Adam's time? Ain't you got any system here so you can tell a man's clothes from a woman's?"

The foreman's boy picks up the scattered contents of the bundle, and the foreman sees at a glauce that they cannot possibly belong to the present customer, or, in fact, to any man, as they were made for the exclusive use of one of Eve's daughters.

"It's all a mistake, sir." says the foreman; "the driver took the wrong bundle. Your name is Brown, her name is Brine; the similarity of the names caused the mistake. Your bundle will be forwarded to you as

Your bundle will be forwarded to you as

Your bundle will be torwarded by your soon as possible."

The angry customer goes out mentally swearing that he will patronize the Chinese hereafter. He hasn't gone very far when a boy, half out of breath, rushes into the office and drops a bundle on the counter, and the other half of his breath in yelling: "She don't want'em!"

LIME DID IT.

and cuffs are not honored with the embrace of a flation, but are simply run through a machine which not only irons but shape them to the neck of the most fastidious dude.



But then a fellow can't wear the same undershirt summer and winter. And if he has not two shirts and two photographs there must necessarily be an interval during which he carries no picture next his heart, unless he should go to the trouble of removing the picture from the summer shirt when he feels winter approach.ng. and then sew it to the heavy flannei.

That would make work for any man. Again, if he is careful of his health, he must send his photographic shirt to the laundry once in a while. What's he going to do in the meantine? Go without a shirt—I mean go without Mabel's photograph next his heart?

new without Mabei's photograph next his heart?

Then shirts wear out; this means the constant shifting of that photograph, or the donation by Mabei of a dozen photographs for shirt purposes to one fellow, or two do en to different fellows.

Just how, under our present sanitary regulations, a girl can expect her picture to be worn directly near some man's heart the year round is a broblem that appais!

Twenty years ago washtub and washboiler were the salient features of a laundry. Not so today: the big brass or wooden cylinders of the washing machines gobble up the dirty clothes, and when water and prepared soap water have been added the machinery starts and instead of deft ingers loosening the dirt, the latter is removed by the agitation of the suds in the revolving cylinders, which are reversible in motion, so as to keep the linen from getting tangled.

From: 0 to 100 shirts may be thus washed at one time and a carfload of collars and cuffs may be put through in the same way. In the laundry I visited stockings are only done by hand, but in other establishments all mannels and underwear meet with this mode of treatment in order to avoid shirinkage.

Four changes of water are necessary before the washing machine has done its duty, and when about four washings have been done the machine may take a rest until the following day.

duty, and when about four washings have been done the machine may take a rest until the following day.

Instead of the old wringing machine I used to turn when a boy I find in the laundry an extractor or steam wringer. This is a copper receptacle perforated with numerous small holes, and is within an iron shell. The wet linen is placed in this evenly and then packed tightly. By a suction process the water is removed from the copper receptacle, passes into the iron shell, whence it runs off into waste pipes. The sucking process is accomplished by the



MABEL'S PHOTOGRAPH.

chip.

Dampening machines are now brought into requisition, whereby the linen is moistened sufficiently to suit the ironer.

Ironing of or inary bosom shirts is done in much the same way as my mother used to do it, with this exception: When the bosom has seen the flatiron several times, it is placed on a board and run through a ma.



and the other half of his breath in yelling:
"She don't want'em!"
"Oil here they are; these are Brown's.
Miss Brine got the wrong bundle; it's all a mistake."

"Yes, sir, she said it couldn't be fur her anny ole how; she said she could tell by lookin' at 'em they must be a man's."

"Yes, boy, it's all a mistake."

"Yes, sir, she said it's the seckin' time she
"Yes, sir, she said it's the seckin' time she

got that man's. She says he must be a fat man."

"Here you are, boy; take the hundle; it's all right now; it was all a mistake."

"Yes, sir; she says she thinks she'll give her cloes ter de Chinee after dis."

But the imperturbable laundryman never makes any remonstrance. He has one little song, and that is: 1t's All Mistake."

"Do you ever find any valuables in clothing sent here to be washed?" I asked a laundry employe.

"We seldom find valuables, but often find pipes, matches, pieces of tobacco, toothing sant here, pieces of tobacco, toothing sant here to be washed?" I asked a foreman.

"Do you ever find any valuables in clothing sent here to be washed?" I asked a laundry enploye.

"We seldom find valuables. but often find pipes, matches, pieces of tobacco, toothpicks, bills of fare, handkerchiefs, napkins, pieces of bread and a cent piece now and then in sailors' bea jackets, many of which come here, Money is now and then found, as are lottery tickets and lead pencils.

"But one of the most amusing things ever found by us was the photograph of a young lady sewed to the in-ide of a lawn tennis shirt, so that it would be nearest the hearr of the wearer. With it was a letter from 'Mabel' to 'Harry.' I presume by the time 'Harry got ready to have his shirt washed, he had forrotten Mabel."

Poor Mabel! Perhaps some other fellow wears her picture beneath his heavy winter fiannel. By such an arrangement Mabel is not likely to be forgotten. Trust she has a great head, and was able to foresee that a lawn tennis shirt, like a lawn tennis love, is fieeting.

"We put caustic soda in the water: of course this is useless if the lime has already got in its work."

"Colored goods," continued the foreman, "must be carefully handled. They will run in the first washing unless they have been plunged in a clemical solution. Eeef's wall is sometimes used to prevent running. Linen, like becole, meets with accidents. Sometimes a sheet will get caught in a cog wheel and suffer a prolonged rup. In such an emergency the piece is hustled off to the repairing room, where it is mended before it knows what has pappened to it. The repairing room, where it is mended before it knows what has pappened to it. The repairing room, where it is mended before it knows what has pappened to it. The repairing room, where it is mended before it knows what has pappened to it. The repairing room, where it is mended before it knows what has pappened to it. The repairing room, where it is mended before it knows what has pappened to it. The repairing room, where it is mended before the difference of the most and the profession of the world.

laundry?" I asked a driver.

"The largest piece I've seen," he replied.

"was a big sail, which, after it had been washed, was spread on a shed to dry. It filled a whole washing machine and was kept in soak ail night. So you can imagine how big it was."

Lace curtains and crocheted spreads are among the finest pieces that laundrymen handle. And the most abominable piece is a South Boston fish bag. Hundreds are washed weekly, and it is stating it mildly to say that their arrival at a laundry excites unfavorable comment. I should hate to have anybody talk about me in the manner laundry employes discuss South Boston ish bags.

is calculated that if these bags were It is calculated that if these bags were not washed at least once a fortnight the most thoroughly starched employe would wilt beneath the odoriferous influence that might emanate from a neglected bag.

As yet nobody has been killed by a fish bag. Indeed, the laundry I visited is so well ventilated and so well provided with sunlight that sickness is very rare among employes. A more contented, jolly and healthy body of people I never saw.

As I was passing through the packing room I heard a female voice exclaim:

S.T. € .170

A CUFF THAT WENT THE ROUNDS.

"There's a barber shop missing!"
This was before laundry lingo was explained to me, and knowing that these folly girls would not hesitate to make a joke at the expense of a poor greenhorn like me, almost instinctively lielt of my hair to ascertain if it was too long. It was pretty long, but the foreman's explanation is sufficient to assure me that the pretty girl in the packing room did not mean togive me a gentle hint to get my hair cut.

I should feel terrible if she did.
But whatever she meant, she has reminded me that a certain barber shop and barber will be missing if the tonsorial tulip ever cuts my hair pompadour in the back again.

It is a source of great regret to me that

It is a source of great regret to me that after my deep study of hundering I am still unable to tell how a fellow may turn his cuffs inside out and make them last for one week instead of one day.

I should also like to get a collar that will never sandpaper my neck, even when the baby clings tenaciously in that region.

E. F. Burns,

FOR HER SAKE;

A BROTHER'S DEVOTION.

It was not until Arthur Huntley was compelled to leave his betrothed. Gertrude Wyant, for a few months that his brother Howard became at all attentive. As she had lost her father, however, in the meantime, it was only natural that he should be kind to his brother's future wife in the hour of her affliction. She appreciated all he did for her, but still her heart was far away. One afternoon, as she sits alone in the porch, she sees Howard Huntley coming up the path. He is holding a paper in his hand.
As she welcomes him. Trudie notices that he seems strangely embarrassed, as if wishing to speak and say something, and yet

A sudden terrible fear sprang into her

"Oh, Mr. Huntley, has anything happened "Yes, Miss 'Irudie, something has happened to him. He is not dead" (as he reads aright the pallor which overspreads her face), "but"—He breaks off suddenly, and

HOWARD'S GOSSIP.

Italian Votes Bought and Sold in Blocks.

Feed, Mixed Brinks and Flowers all in One Shep.

Harrowing Tales of the Prison Ship Martyrs.

New York, March 23.—I drove through the park this attention, saw three runaway, and at least 50 hais blown sky-high. The wind is strong, and the dustrey lively our politicians, and particularly the Tammany men are convicted of conspiracy to get a fraidulent divorce, and wildre and sitted the beginning of a very serious end wider all the time the spit between the rival factions in the Italian colony in this city, which has existed for conspiracy to get a fraidulent divorce, and wildre all the time and several other Tammany men are convicted of conspiracy to get a fraidulent divorce, and wild be sentenced tomorrow.

The fine latial is a very introduced to the state of the bay-one of the state of the state of the bay-one of the bay-one of the state of the bay-one of the bay-one of the state of the bay-one of the

this city, upward of two years ago, but the conditions under which these people live, work and are defrauded of both money and their rights as citizens are about as bad as they ever were.

There are cool Italians in New York city. Of course a majority of them are not citizens. However, there are several thousand voters. Such good judges as Frof. B. Morrosi, who is one of the leading men in the Italian colony, says that a very large element among the Italians is Republican, and would always yote with that party were they not coerced by middlemen, who make a business of traileking in votes.

There are a number of men who may be seen at all times about the Cty Hall, the court house, the department of public works and other resorts for politicisms, who have grown comparatively rich in this business. They secure positions for Italians on the according to good authority they get a commission on the pay of the men, and control their votes as well, delivering them in blocks whenever the occasion arises.

The large banks and the two oldest Italian papers in the city are charged by that element of the Italian colony that is in revolt against the ring with being in it. And they further claim that Consul-teneral Grosann Pietro Riva is under the control of the conspirators. It was this that brought about the indignation me ting held in Tammany Hall last Sunday, It may seem queer that a meeting called for the purpose of protesting was of the hottest kind from start to finish.

Prof. Morrosi, Edward Ponti, the interpreter at Castle Garden, A. A'Angelo and others spoke. The whole tener of the meeting was of the hottest kind from start to finish.

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Prof. Morrosi, Edward Ponti, the interpreter

Preparing for Easter Flowers. As the Chinese and Irish control the laundrymen of the city, so very much of the florists' occupation is in the hands of Italians. It is a most profitable business, too, and just now especially, for although the close of Lent is still far off, florists have nevertheless been busy for the past month nevertheless been busy for the past month or more in preparing to meet the usual Easter demand for flowers. These are sent from the plant farms to the wholesale flower market in Spring street, which is the centre from which the whole city is suptice the centre from which the whole city is suptice to the centre from the centr the centre from which the whole city is supplied. Long before dawn the traffic is begun, the florist's wagon standing near ready to be filled, while a dozen men unnack and pack the myriads of blooms by the light of the flaring gas lamps.

By the time this stock has been disposed of the other wholesale market has been opened for later comers. This one is situated at the foot of East 28th street, and is a dingy little shop, whose enterprising little proprietor carries on a restaurant and saloon in the same room where the flowers are sold.

are sold.

Anything more incongruous than the heterogeneous mingling of the beautiful wares with the accessories of a third-rate saloon can hardly be imagined. The perfumes of geraniums, violets, gladioli, verbena, heliotrope and zinnias are combatted by the savors of various hot dishes and mixed drinks, with which the salesmen and purchasers of the flowers regale themselves between their business transactions. My own lied of a collar is one that will seep draights from application of a collar is one that will seep draights from application of the collection of the

"Shall it is as I wish?" he asks softly.
"Do you know that for the love you lavish is been made and the last for the love you lavish."
"We have an make no return?" she answers. "And knowing that, do you still, wish me to be your wife?"
"Yes, Howard answers. "Knowing that, if the last she were. "Knowing that, for from all the lits of life, would be reward livil be content."

It is afternoon, a year later. In the wide verands of ner beautiful home sits Truite.

Year and an of ner beautiful home sits Truite.

Year and an of ner beautiful home sits Truite.

Year and an of ner beautiful home sits Truite.

Year and an of ner beautiful home sits Truite.

Year and an of ner beautiful home sits Truite.

Year and a fer husbani step-to her side.

"See, lieward, a letter from your mother, that she will visit us next week, and with that she will visit us next week, and with the will come, if agreeable, your brother Arthur and his wife.

"Well, little one." Howard says, while his eyes rest with a keen scratiny upon her face. "How are you pleased? Shall you be the wholly uprepared for her husband's zect action. With a sudden move any one who is dear to you sure of a cortial welcome from your wife?"

Trudie reads his unspoken thought.

"Yes, certailly." she answers. "Is not any one who is lear to you sure of a cortial welcome from your wife?"

Trudie reads his unspoken thought.

"Trudie," he say earnestly, "am I right in thinking that at last ever so dearly as I love her, my wife returns that love."

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"Trudie," he say earnestly, "am I right in thinking that at last have her for many her wife."

The heart say for the present of the principal ones being the large o

"Now, then, the bird will go safely, will be?" she asked of the clerk in the office of the clerk in th

"Yes'm."

"And the messenger will give her food and JAMES EPPS & CO., Hommopathic Chemists.

London, England "Yes'm." "And-and-he will not try to teach her

bad words while in his charge?"
"Oh, no, no, ma'am." "Because my husband and I have been very, very careful of her bringing up and if she should get to speaking bad words we would—"
"Oh, h-1|" yelled the parrot at this in-

[Lewiston Journal.] While the gentle mudlet trickles O'er the cheek of Nature's face, And the mayors deftly wiggle

With a wiggle into place, And the gutter's got a clutter Of accumulated stuff, And a man can swim to meeting

If he likes swimming well enough, In the anti-bilious season, When the soul is on the rack. And the strings that tie to earth-life
Are growing mighty slack—
I long to fly the ether

And safely press my feet Where, though the sands may not be golden, The sidewalks are concrete.

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